

The Daily Mirror.

No. 33.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1903.

One Penny.

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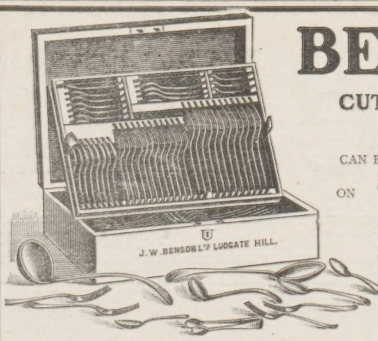
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Follow directions carefully, then good results are certain. Grocers and Oilmen keep it.

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Our special forecast for to-day is: Dusty west and south-west winds; changeable and unsettled, rain now and then; mild.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.21.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all rather rough.

The Daily Mirror.

Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1903.

22 days to Dec. 31.

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To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

At the Leeds Smithfield Cattle Show yesterday the King won the first prize for the best ox of any breed with a Hereford bullock, and a third prize in the Scottish classes with a black polled ox from Balmoral.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford have been presented by representatives of the different public bodies in Woburn and the surrounding districts with an album and illuminated address in recognition of their establishing a cottage hospital at Woburn.

Lord Stanley of Alderley is lying dangerously ill, but his life is not yet despaired of.

At the meeting at Edinburgh yesterday regarding the establishment of a school for orphan sons of Scottish sailors and soldiers, a letter was read from Sir Arthur Bigge stating that Queen Victoria, shortly before her death, had suggested such a project as a war memorial.

The Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart, M.A., vicar of All Saints', Knightsbridge, has been selected to succeed Canon Ainger at Bristol Cathedral.

Licences permitting nine little girls to take part in "Alice Through the Looking-glass" at the New Theatre were granted at Marlborough-street yesterday.

Lord Iveagh's gift of £50,000 to the Dublin Hospital in commemoration of their Majesties' recent visit to Ireland has been apporportioned, and all the hospitals will receive their cheques before Christmas.

Lord Chesterfield, at a meeting of the East Rand Mining Estates, Limited, yesterday, predicted a period of mining development in the Transvaal probably unexampled in the history of the world.

The proposed amalgamation between Lloyd's Bank and the Manchester and Liverpool Banking Company has been abandoned.

The late Lord Stair leaves to his second son £16,000; to his third son £12,000; to his daughter, Lady Jane Georgina Vivian, £2,000; and to each of his grand-daughters £2,000.

Mr. Walter Emden, the new Mayor of Westminster, has presented the furniture for the mayor's parlour to the council and three gold badges for each of the ex-mayors.

The American Line officially announced last night that from January 9, 1904, their steamers will call at Plymouth to land mails, passengers, and specie from New York prior to proceeding to Cherbourg and Southampton.

Dover is to be opened as a port of call for the Hamburg-American Line in July, 1904.

It has been decided by the London County Council to inquire into the condition of the watercress beds within their jurisdiction, and, if possible, into the state of those outside, from which London is supplied.

A patient who has been treated with radium at Charing Cross Hospital for rodent ulcer is expected to recover completely.

Thirty-four people died in London last year, according to the verdicts of coroners' juries, either through direct starvation or disease accelerated by privation.

The story of the winning of the *Daily Mirror's* radium prize is told on page 4.

Foreign.

One of the speakers at a lunch given to the British M.P.'s at Lyons yesterday said that, if their sons and daughters were partly educated in England and partly in France, the "entente" would shortly become indestructible. Later in the day a message of friendship was sent to Italy.

President Roosevelt has sent the Panama Canal Treaty to the Senate for ratification.

A Bulgarian band attacked a detachment of Turkish soldiers between Doiran and Tikvesh. The Turks lost four killed and several wounded, and have asked for reinforcements.

At a meeting of friendly creditors of Dowie in New York it was stated that the resources of £10,000 dollars amounted to upwards of 18,500,000 dollars, while liabilities were slightly in excess of four millions.

This year's recruiting for the German Army and Navy has shown that only four men in every ten thousand were unable to read and write. Twenty years ago the percentage was 2.04.

The Pope has highly commended the work of Father Hays, the temperance reformer, and has expressed great interest in the social condition of the masses of the English people.

The gold yield of the Klondyke and its tributaries during the season just closed is given as £2,081,000.

The Lower House of the Norwegian Parliament has passed the Bill prohibiting the killing of whales by 52 to 36 votes.

Political.

Speaking on Army reform at Newcastle yesterday, Lord Crewe said that it was a pretty state of affairs when thousands of volunteers were resigning because of regulations, for which no one at the War Office would assume responsibility.

Over 12,000 applications have been received for admission to the Edinburgh Palace Empire, where Lord Rosebery discusses the fiscal question next Saturday.

Canvassers at Lewisham report that many electors have been unable to make up their minds how to vote on the fiscal question.

The Earl of Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, was entertained at a private dinner last evening by the Scottish Conservative Club, Edinburgh.

The Ludlow candidates are Mr. W. Rowland Hunt, Unionist, and Mr. Fred Horne, Liberal. The nomination has been fixed for December 15, and polling for December 22.

Obituary.

The Bishop of Gibraltar died of heart failure at Cannes yesterday.

Mr. Francis Bedford, high bailiff of the Sheffield County Court, died suddenly yesterday at the age of 96.

Dr. Stokoe, rector of Waddington, near Lincoln, died yesterday. He was the editor of the Revised Version of the Bible, with marginal notes, in 1898.

Mr. James Gray, J.P., of Dalkeith, N.B., died yesterday. He frequently acted as chairman at Mr. Gladstone's meetings.

Mr. Oliver Carey, a Crimean veteran, has died at Windsor, on the anniversary of his wife's death. He was 5ft. 11in. in height, and was the shortest man in No. 1 Company of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards.

Law and Police Courts.

Sandow, Ltd., were yesterday granted an injunction restraining Szalay, a rival professor of physical culture, from infringing the former's patent for divided dumb-bells.

The Lord Chief Justice decided yesterday that a sweepstake in a public-house on a horse race was a lottery pure and simple.

Eugene Heffernan, a retired policeman, tried for the murder of his mother, was at the Munster Assizes yesterday convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

Arthur Holmes, an Ilkley solicitor, was yesterday sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Leeds Assizes for fraud with regard to the money of clients.

At Bow-street yesterday, Pearson Jacques Jackson, living at Whiteley Bay, Northumberland, was charged with obtaining £500 by false pretences from Ernest Wm. Hart, an accountant, of Arundel-street, Strand, by pretending that he was the owner of a patent mirror for advertising purposes.

Walter George Couzens was sentenced to death at Warwick Assizes yesterday for the murder of Annie Devall.—See page 4.

Cornelius Fegan has been awarded £100 damages against the proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Belfast, on account of one of the attendants assaulting him.



Court Circular.

Buckingham Palace, Tuesday, Dec. 8.

His Majesty the King held a Council this morning at twelve o'clock.

Major-General von Löwenfeld, General á la Suite and Aide-de-Camp to his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor, was received in audience by the King to-day.

Lieutenant-General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, Adjutant-General to the Forces, and Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis had audiences of His Majesty.

The King, attended by Captain G. Holford and Captain F. Ponsonby, left the Palace this afternoon for Elvedon, to honour Lord and Lady Iveagh with a visit.

Viscount Churchill and Captain Walter Campbell have succeeded the Earl of Denbigh and the Hon. H. Stonor as Lord and Groom in Waiting to the King.

Mr. J. Longstaff has had the honour of submitting for His Majesty's inspection a picture he has painted of the King, which has been presented by Earl Beauchamp to the National Gallery of Sydney, New South Wales.

PEACE ASSURED.

Tsar's Pacific Reply to Japan.

THE DANGER OVER.

It is believed this morning that an agreement has been arrived at between Russia and Japan on the Korean and Manchurian questions, which have threatened the peace of the Far East so long.

The Associated Press of the United States has issued a St. Petersburg telegram, which Reuter transmits from New York, to the effect that peace is believed to be assured as the result of action taken by the Tsar at Tsarskoe Selo, where his Majesty and Count Lamdorff (the Russian Foreign Minister) considered the reply to the Japanese proposals.

The conference lasted an hour and a half.

Certain modifications in Japan's proposals relative to Korea were decided upon. These were immediately telegraphed to Baron Von Rosen (the Russian Minister at Tokio), and Admiral Alexieff, and will probably be laid informally before the Japanese negotiators at Tokio.

The modifications are stated to be of minor importance, and if Japan is willing to accept them nothing stands in the way of a complete agreement.

Some confirmation of this view is afforded by a Tokio telegram from Reuter's correspondent, which says the impression there is that the Tsar's reply may be expected at any moment. No political significance can be attached to the postponement of the meeting of the Japanese Diet.

Japan's Attitude.

The statement of the Associated Press probably represents the facts. It is a generally reliable agency, and is well represented in the East.

If Russia's reply is of the generally conciliatory character indicated, it is extremely improbable that Japan will place obstacles in the way of a pacific settlement. Strong as is the feeling of the Japanese on the subject of the independence of Korea, and keen as has been their distrust of Russian intentions, the mass of the nation has no wish to fight for the sake of fighting, and if Russia has met their views in a moderate and reasonable spirit, the danger of a rupture has no doubt been averted.

Japanese statesmen have always regarded war as the last resort. The country is poor, and the people heavily taxed, and even a victory might prove a Pyrrhic triumph. Supposing Japan's Government has been able to obtain satisfactory terms through the channels of diplomacy, the sober sense of the country will without doubt triumph over the views of the Chauvinist section.

240 DAYS IN ENGLAND.

Interesting Conditions in Sir J. B. Maple's Will.

Further interesting details are available to-day of the will of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, of which probate was yesterday granted.

He authorises the executors to complete the rebuilding of University College Hospital at a cost not exceeding £200,000. He bequeaths his widow his horses, Common (who won the Derby in 1891), and Royal Hampton (a City and Suburban winner), with eight mares she may choose. Lady Maple's annuity of £20,000 a year is reduced to £10,000 in the event of her re-marriage, and she is requested to devote £3,000 a year to charity in London and Hertfordshire.

Baroness Von Eckhardstein's enjoyment of her income is on condition that she resides 240 days at least in each year in the United Kingdom.

Among the many legacies to relatives and servants is £1,000 to the late Mr. Fred Lunniss, cashier of Maple and Co., who, however, died in 1900 leaving over £372,000. Legacies of £1,000 each are left to Sir John's racing manager, Edward Bird, and his stud groom, Tom Castle; and William Waugh, the trainer, receives £5,000.

WOMEN AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Yesterday afternoon the Women's Local Government Society met at 27, Bryanston-square, the residence of Lady Lockyer, to support a Bill drafted for the coming session "to enable women to be elected and act as members of county and borough councils and metropolitan borough councils."

The proceedings were enlivened by Mrs. Brynmor-Jones, who referred to the depriva-

tion of representative rights which it is hoped that the new Bill will restore.

Mrs. Fordham, however, went back as far as the merry times of King Henry VIII., and cited a Lady Berkeley, who was created a Judge by special warrant of that King, whose matrimonial complications did not enter into the discussion. That it was safer to be created a Judge than Queen of England in those days evoked no reflections among the members of the society.

It was also claimed that a woman, Elizabeth Mallet, founded the first daily paper—the "Courant," of 1702.

The meeting then turned from past triumphs to urge the necessity for the reinstatement of women to all posts dealing with local government, with schools, and sanitation, and that the word "may," frequently used in recent legislature, empowering women to act, shall be replaced by the categorical imperative "must."

"DAILY MIRROR'S" BUREAU.

A Judge Declares That it Will Prove Very Beneficial.

Judge Emden yesterday expressed his approval of the servants' registry which has been organised by the *Daily Mirror*.

The question arose in the course of a case at Lambeth County Court, in which it was stated that a gentleman had paid 40s. to registry offices in three months in a vain endeavour to get a satisfactory servant.

The Judge said he was glad to see that the *Daily Mirror* had undertaken a scheme which, if effectively carried out, was bound to prove very beneficial. Years ago he had stated from the Bench that something of the kind was urgently necessary.

In some countries the Government was the authority between master and servant, but there was no reason why the work should not be successfully done to the good of the community by a great newspaper.

Up to now there had been a difficulty as to references; if they were taken up harm might result to the servant; if they were not taken up there was a risk for the employer. A medium was necessary. The *Daily Mirror* scheme would supply what had been wanted for a long time. He hoped it would be a success.

A Benefit to Both Parties.

The *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau at 45 and 46, New Bond-street, W., has now been in operation for five weeks. The special offices taken there have been crowded from morning to night by employers desiring reliable servants, and by servants of all descriptions in search of good situations.

In organising this bureau the *Daily Mirror* recognised, as Judge Emden has stated, that the present system of charges adopted by some registry offices was most unfair. To servants the *Daily Mirror* Bureau makes absolutely no charge or fee of any kind. It costs a servant nothing to be placed on the lists compiled by the special staff to which the work has been entrusted, and no fee is charged when a situation is obtained.

Employers have been relieved of the worry and trouble of verifying the references given by servants. No servants are entered on the *Daily Mirror* books until their references have been most carefully verified.

When this investigation has been satisfactorily completed the servants are entitled to the use of the *Daily Mirror's* register of employers. Further information regarding the Domestic Bureau will be found on page fourteen.

ATTACK ON A BRITISH FORCE.

More trouble has occurred at Durbo, on the Somaliland coast, where the Italian Lieutenant Grabau was killed the other day in trying to force the inhabitants of the village (which is under Italian protection) to hoist the Italian flag in honour of the arrival of his ship.

H.M.S. Mohawk, says a Reuter's Aden telegram, called to inquire into the incident, and Commander Gaunt and sixty of the crew landed. After a palaver the Sultan stated that he would fight it out.

Fire was opened, and Commander Gaunt was wounded in the thigh, and one marine was killed.

In the Italian Chamber yesterday the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs said the Government would do its duty in order that the guilty might be punished.

PRINCESS ALICE'S BETROTHAL.

The Duchess of Albany gave a reception at Claremont last night in honour of the betrothal of her daughter, Princess Alice, to Prince Alexander of Teck.

Claremont, which has been entirely redecorated, looked at its best, the festivities being the first on an extensive scale held for some years. Upwards of two hundred invitations were issued. Her Royal Highness had arranged a charming programme of music.

THE TREASURE HUNT.

How the Gold and Radium were Captured.

Treasure-hunting promises to be the reigning pastime of the close of the year. Yesterday the gold and Radium hidden in the columns of the *Daily Mirror* seem to have attracted attention and created excitement in all directions.

In boudoirs, drawing-rooms, trains, and restaurants the two precious metals were vigorously sought for from an early hour onward. During the day, starting with the first deliveries, a steady stream of telegrams, letters, and postcards flowed into No. 2, Carmelite-street, wherein lay the coveted treasure. Contrary to what some might expect, treasure-seekers in London were by no means the first to put in their claims. Some of the earliest entries received came from distant centres, proving that country readers are early astir, and that the appreciation of gold, not to mention Radium, is by no means confined to the metropolis.

As announced on page six, the treasure falls to M. Orr, 7, Cleveland-road, Ealing, who succeeded in finding all the hidden figures, and whose telegram giving the correct total was handed in at 10.46 a.m.

Other correct solutions were received early in the day from Mr. Bernard Partridge, 149, Church-street, Chelsea; Mr. Cecil Ruck, 84, Baron's Court-road, Kensington; and Mr. Oakley, 74b, The Chase, Clapham; all, however, handed in subsequent to that of the winner.

Many treasure-seekers were surprisingly close to the correct total, being slightly over or under. Many others would have been nearer the top had they studied more carefully the Bridge announcement. There, one of the ornamental diamonds had been removed and an artful little 6 substituted.

A FOGLESS UTOPIA.

Hopes of Abolishing the Pest of Our Great Towns.

Will the blessed day arrive when London will be able to banish fogs at will?

Mr. J. W. Bradley, the well-known Westminster engineer, dealing with Sir Oliver Lodge's suggestion as to the efficacy of electrical discharges from masts as a counteracting influence to the thick yellow fog, suggests that it would be possible to devise an arrangement which could be fitted to street arc lamps, so that electricity would be discharged at a large number of points and in situations likely to be productive of a beneficial effect.

Sir Oliver Lodge is endeavouring to find a scientific remedy which practical engineers can adopt. The fact has been established that electricity will banish fog. The principal difficulty arises from the inability adequately to control the current, but those engaged in fog research hope soon to emerge with a workable scheme.

FIRE ON A CRUISER.

Splendid discipline was shown yesterday by the crew of the cruiser *Hermes* during an alarming outbreak of fire which occurred in the boatswain's storeroom. Only a bulkhead divided this compartment from a shell-room, but the promptitude and courage of the men enabled any danger from this source to be averted.

In a very short time water was being poured into the storeroom and shell-room from two steamers, and about a dozen hose-pipes and fire parties also arrived from other ships.

The *Hermes*, which belongs to the Channel Squadron, was in dry dock at Devonport, and the vessel's mess deck was flooded to assist in extinguishing the flames. The operations were directed by Rear-Admiral Henderson, superintendent of the dockyard.

SALE OF FAMILY TREASURES.

A pathetic interest attaches to an exhibition and sale now being held by Miss Kersteman-Marchant at 81, Upper Gloucester-place, Dorset-square.

The articles to be disposed of are, with few exceptions, household gods, heirlooms of lace and silver that have been handed down from generation to generation among the "Disherited Irish Families of the Upper Classes," who, through the failure of land and other private sources of income, are thus forced to part with some of their most cherished treasures.

These exhibitions have been held for the past twenty-one years, and have brought relief to many ladies, old gentlemen, and children in the sister isle.

TESTING LONDON'S GAS.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company appealed yesterday against a decision of Mr. Justice Joyce which permitted the London County Council to test the gas supplied on Sundays by the various gas companies.

The company contended that though the London County Council were permitted by Act of Parliament to make "daily tests" of the gas supply, they were not allowed to do so on Sundays.

The Court of Appeal, however, decided that "daily tests" included Sunday tests.

THE RADIUM TREATMENT

Applied to Cancer Patients at the London Hospitals.

At Charing-cross Hospital and the Cancer Hospital in Fulham-road experiments are being daily conducted with radium, and, although no absolute cure has as yet been effected, several cases are making satisfactory progress under the new treatment.

At Charing-cross it was ascertained yesterday that one female patient suffering from rodent ulcer had been so benefited by the mysterious metal that a complete recovery is expected.

The treatment, and the difficulties of its successful application, will be the better understood when it is explained that the application of the radium to the cancer may consist of an exposure to its effects of two minutes a day or even three hours, the time depending on the amount of radium used and the exact nature of the growth to be treated.

To adjust the amount of radium and the period of exposure so as to get the maximum benefit from the treatment is the principal aim of the radium specialists.

At the Fulham-road Cancer Hospital eleven cases are under treatment. The metal has secured changes in the surface cancers, but, so far, the specialists are unable to give an opinion as to the final results. The cases are being photographed daily in order to mark the progress of the disease and the successive steps that may lead to recovery.

Only surface cases will be treated at present, for until the full effects of the treatment are apparent the cancers must be open to constant observation.

ALCHEMY OF COLOUR.

How Birds' Tints are Varied by Diet.

To take a green bird, and, by special diet, to change the colour of its plumage to a bright orange in the course of a few generations, is everyday magic to a bird fancier.

Some fine examples of orange and cinnamon-tinted canaries are now exhibited at the Cage Bird Show at the Crystal Palace, the colours of which are mainly produced by adding a little cayenne to the daily menu of the pets. The canary's original hue was green, and it is purely by feeding and experiment that yellow and, finally orange has been evolved.

More wonderful, perhaps, is the case of the Cornish choughs, which also find a place in the show. With them the colouring diet has affected the legs and bills, changing them from a bright yellow to an equally pronounced scarlet, and the plumage, while remaining black, has acquired a splendid gloss.

The busiest bird in the show was a spotted woodpecker, provided with five pillars of cork on which to exercise his peculiar talents. He flew round and round, driving imaginary nails in the bark, although he obtained no insects, and his real dinner was standing neglected in a glass trough.

A "wry-neck," or "snake-bird," was persuaded to give an example of his talents. It is a most difficult bird to keep in captivity, and its chief peculiarity lies in its extraordinary tongue—three inches long, glutinous like an ant eater's, and forked at the tip like a snake's. Some ants' eggs were placed on the floor of the cage, and, without leaving the perch, the bird made a quick lurch in some fraction of a second by bending down and shooting out its snake tongue at the feast.

Thrushes are not generally supposed to have a high commercial value, but one specimen exhibited was stated to be the finest ever "staged," and was priced by its owner at £10.

TRAGEDY OF THE BALL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Tuesday.

A strange tragedy arising out of dancing has caused a sensation in Switzerland.

At Iselle, at the southern entrance of the Simplon Tunnel, the Italian workmen gave a ball to celebrate the fête of Sta. Barbara.

A handsome Italian engineer, named Monteggio Attilio, was dancing with the belle of the ball, when suddenly from the midst of the crowd of dancers a piece of iron flew through the air, and struck Attilio in the temple. He fell dead at the feet of his comely partner amid confusion. The murderer—supposed to be a jealous rival—escaped, and no arrest has been made.

BISHOP'S DEATH AT CANNES.

Our Cannes correspondent states that Dr. Waldegrave Sandford, Bishop of Gibraltar, died at his home there yesterday, at the age of seventy-five, as the result of heart failure. He was a widower, but leaves no children.

MOTOR-CARS ON THE STAGE.

The Paris Opéra is to be the scene of an interesting innovation on December 17. The ballet to be given is one entitled "Motor-cars of the Nations." It is said that the dancers will be assisted by four cars specially constructed by the Marquis de Dion. The automobiles will be allegorical in design, the first representing Holland, Belgium, and England, the second Germany, Austria, and Russia, the third Italy and Spain, and the fourth France.

GOURMET'S CHRISTMAS.

Strange Delicacies to be Bought in London.

The philosophical adage concerning plain living and high thinking seems to lose all its force after a visit to a famous shop near Piccadilly-circus, where delicate cates and viands from all parts of the globe are spread in tempting profusion waiting to be packed into Christmas hampers.

The most jaded palate might be tickled by one of the bear's hams, from Russia, served, as it should be, all aromatic with the wine in which it has been boiled. The Montanche, or Spanish ham, needs, too, the addition of wine to bring forth its full perfection.

The delight of the backwood epicure is the buffalo hump, packed in a tin closely resembling a helmet case, and can be bought for three half-sovereigns. For those who value things by their cost, there is bird's nest soup from far Cathay, made from the little dry boat-shaped nests which cost ten shillings an ounce, and are supplied to lovers of the Celestial delicacy by the ten pounds' worth.

Do you yearn for fishy delights? Tunny roes are the very newest thing prepared for your gratification. If pâté de foie gras palls, you may turn to the "Terrine de Nerac," a glorified edition of that trusty friend, or invest in a pâté de Tivovollia, craftily compounded of duck's livers.

For dessert there are crystallised fruits; melon, toothsome, but more potent in their appeal to cultured tastes, are cherries of a wondrous verdant hue, steeped in crème de menthe, or Portugal peaches, first favourites with many for Yuletide feasts; avallines, delicately salted; "chow-chow," mixed by the skilled hand of the heathen Chinese; or cherry chilis, looking like cherries, but with the pungent flavour of the chili.

"ASKED ME TO KILL HER."

Strange Explanation by a Murderer Who was Sentenced to Death.

Sentence of death was passed yesterday at Warwick Assizes on the young Wiltshire groom, Walter George Couzens, who was found guilty of the murder of Annie Devall, a laundrymaid at Compton Verney, Warwickshire.

On account of his extreme youth—he is only eighteen—the jury recommended Couzens, who was shown to have suffered from epilepsy, to mercy.

The story of the crime is simple. Couzens was jealous of the girl, who had discarded him. They were seen to go for a walk together on the night of October 31, and next morning the girl's body was found in a ditch.

When arrested, Couzens said: "I did not intend to hurt the girl. We sat down under the trees and smoked cigarettes. She said she wished she were dead, and asked me to kill her. She begged me hard that I cut her throat and rolled the body into a ditch."

The young fellow afterwards wrote to the murdered girl's sister, saying he was terribly grieved, and hoped to meet the girl in heaven.

The scene at the trial was a painful one. The prisoner kept his face buried in a handkerchief, and the unfortunate laundrymaid's father broke down completely in giving his evidence.

WHEN THE "HOUSE" MEETS.

Parliament is to meet on Tuesday, February 2, for the dispatch of business. The King's proclamation to that effect appears in last night's "London Gazette."

GENDARMES BESIEGED.

Since July the towns of Lorient and Hennebont, in Brittany, have frequently been the scene of great disorder in consequence of lawless disputes.

It was announced yesterday that in the former town the gendarmes have been besieged in their barracks by a crowd of 500 persons, and that several of the police have been injured by stones thrown into the buildings.

THE REGICIDES WILL PRAY.

A Mass will be held in the Cathedral at Belgrade on the 12th inst., for the souls of the officers and soldiers who fell on the night of June 11 last, when the King and Queen were assassinated. All the regicides are expected to be present at the service.

THE CHILD MIND.

Madame Paolo Lombroso contributes some charming child stories to "La Révue."

A town boy accounted for the difference between white and black cows by the theory that the white cows gave the milk and the black ones the coffee. A peasant child remarked that it would never go to bed, for it was there that one was always taken ill. Death is evidently quite beyond the grasp of the little ones, for, when a lady told her tiny son that a friend of theirs was dead, the child asked, "Will he still be dead when we come back from London?"

A LION STORY.

Plucky Ranger Kills a Lion with a Clasp Knife.

Major J. S. Hamilton, warden of the Transvaal Government game reserves, forwards an exciting story to the "Field," which is, moreover, attested by the resident magistrate at Barberton.

Game Ranger Woluter was returning to the Sabi River from a patrol when a couple of lions suddenly barred the way—"I was riding alone along a Kaffir path about an hour after sunset," writes Woluter, who has himself set down the story of his adventure, "when my dog barked at something, and a moment later I saw a lion crouching close to me on the off side. I turned my horse sharply in the opposite direction, and this no doubt caused the lion to miss his spring."

"I was unseated, and simultaneously I saw another lion coming at me from the opposite direction. The horse rushed off with the first lion in pursuit, and the second, no doubt considering me the easier prey, picked me up almost before I touched the ground, and, gripping me by the right shoulder in such a position that I was face up, with my legs and body dragging underneath his belly, proceeded to trot off down the path, uttering all the time a loud growling, purring noise, just like, on a small scale, a cat does when she walks off with a mouse."

Now Woluter suddenly bethought him of his sheath knife, which he managed to unclasp.

"On reaching a large tree with overhanging roots," he continues, "the lion stopped, and I then stabbed him twice in the right side with my left hand, near where I judged the heart to be. I found afterwards that the first stab touched the bottom of his heart, and the second one slit it down for some distance. The lion immediately dropped me, and I again struck him in the throat with all my force, evidently severing some large artery or vein, as the blood poured over me."

Some Plain Language.

"He jumped back, and stood two or three yards off, facing me and growling. I scrambled to my feet, and having read of the influence the human voice is said to have, I shouted all the most opprobrious epithets I could think of at him. I expected him to come at me again, but after a few moments he turned and went slowly away, still growling; soon the growls turned to moans, and then ceased, and I felt sure he was dead."

The lion was dead, and Woluter, who had sought to escape any more adventures by taking refuge in a tree, was ultimately rescued by his "boys" and carried to Barberton Hospital. Beyond a severe fright and injuries to his arm and shoulder he is not much the worse for his encounter.

GOVERNMENT ALIEN BILL.

The Government attitude on the alien problem is understood to have gone beyond the stage of consideration alluded to by Mr. Akers-Douglas in his speech on Monday, and it is believed that the outlines of a Bill have already been drafted ready for submission to Parliament at the earliest convenient opportunity. The Bill will aim at debarring all but the more desirable foreigners from entering the country, and will deal with overcrowding in the East End.

SALES OF OSTRICH FEATHERS.

The sale of ostrich feathers, valued at about £180,000, being held this week at the Commercial Sale Rooms in Mincing-lane, is the last of the year.

The Americans are by far the largest buyers in the home market, as they take nearly three-quarters of the whole supply, this meaning that about £1,000,000 comes into this country every year from the United States. France and Germany monopolise a large proportion of the remaining trade.

END OF LORD CURZON'S TOUR.

The Viceroy, on board the *Hardinge*, arrived at Karachi on Monday morning (says *Reuters*), having concluded his tour in the Persian Gulf, after an absence of exactly three weeks.

On the return journey his Excellency held a durbar at Panni, on the Makran coast, for the chiefs and notables of southern Baluchistan. The results of the tour have more than fulfilled the most confident anticipations.

BETTER STOCK EXCHANGE.

The Stock Markets seem to be playing a see-saw game from day to day. Yesterday there was a remarkable change for the better. It was the last day of the old account in all except mining and the Consol markets, and so it was not natural to expect much business.

The mining carry-over showed that the speculative account for the rise open in Kaffirs had been increased. None the less all the mining sections were showing an improving tendency before the finish, Kaffirs not excepted.

There were two sections which fairly "boomed." They were Americans and Argentine rails. Evidently New York was taking kindly to the Presidential message to Congress, which dealt very gently with the trusts, and so did not seem to threaten the financial world.

Foreigners also improved. Here there were two special features which require attention. One was the strength of the leading Copper shares, like Rio Tinto, which was setting on the rise in the price of the metal induced by the improvement in the Copper Share Market in New York yesterday. The other was rather confident buying of Japanese bonds just towards the close of business, and by a little support given to Chinese bonds. It was interpreted as a sign of better news from the Far East.

"THE DANCERS."

More About the League Against Melancholy.

Miss Florence Farr was a busy woman yesterday, speaking to the representatives of the Press of the "Fellowship of the Dancers," whose aim is to fill its members with "the enthusiasm and courage which give a lasting rapture to existence and exorcise the demon of melancholy."

Miss Farr's views are that there are a great many educated people, especially the art-educators, who can "do things" for mutual entertainment if once brought together—artists, musicians, and poets in their several fields.

She feels that a special feature should be made of dancing, partly for general enjoyment at the monthly social meetings, and partly to revive and popularise the old national dances of Greece, Rome, France, and our own country.

Not that the fellowship will become a dancing class, but members will arrange by themselves to provide the performance of certain items at the social evenings, and will possibly assist other organisations less skilled and artistic.

The fellowship will also combat the small but depressing section of society which makes rather a virtue of being miserable, on the principle of the old woman who "enjoyed bad health."

As Miss Farr feels that this class does everything from a sense of duty, with special selection of unpleasant things, they may possibly be made lighthearted from a sense of duty, which would be a great gain to the public and their friends.

Old-World Dances.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, who has a wonderful collection of early English music and musical instruments, including many 13th and 14th century examples, has promised to assist in the revivalistic section of the work. A number of members are rehearsing the farandola, originally an old Greek series of movements—half-dance, half-game, whose chief feature seems to be that the unexpected always happens.

Others, again, of the early dances have comparatively little of game, but a charming wealth of grace and poetry.

In its origin Miss Farr had no thought of the fellowship extending beyond her own immediate circle of personal friends, in which case its programme would naturally have been of the simplest and most informal order.

But the public has now so thoroughly commandeered the idea that it seems inevitable that the organisation will have to be considerably increased. Communications on the subject should be addressed to Miss Farr, at 67, The Grove, Hammersmith.

Miss Farr writes with reference to a statement in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*—"To do poor Mr. W. B. Yeats justice, I must mention that although we have worked together in the propaganda of 'Speaking poetry to the music of a psalter,' my idea of 'The Dancers' quite overwhelmed him. Indeed, I fear it has been too much for nearly all my contemporaries; but the 'younger generation' are carrying it through triumphantly."

MAGISTRATE'S FORGOTTEN NURSERY DAYS.

"Can that child stand?" inquired Mr. Lane, the West London magistrate, indicating an infant which had been taken about Kensington by a man and woman charged before him with beggery.

Assistant Gaoler: Oh, yes, Sir. It is eighteen months old.

Mr. Lane: It is so long since I had anything to do with the nursery that I have forgotten some things. Does a child stand at eighteen months? (Laughter.)

The Clerk: At twelve months sometimes.

Mr. Lane: Does it really? (Laughter.)

UNWHOLESOME KENSINGTON WATER.

Mr. Cassel, public analyst for Westminster and Kensington, informed the Water Abstraction Committee yesterday that during the past twenty-five years he had in some cases had to condemn water supplied by the Grand Junction Co. as unfit for use. Dr. Klein, the Local Government Board bacteriologist, said he found intestinal microbes in twenty-five cubic centimetres or less of the company's water.

A HANS ANDERSEN BAZAAR.

Stalls representing Hans Andersen's fairy tales, in charge of stall-holders dressed as characters from the stories, will be a special feature of the bazaar to be opened at the Portman Rooms to-morrow by Princess Alexis Dolgorouki. Children will be entertained with Hans Andersen stories told by a well-known story-teller, and a cycle of Hans Andersen songs, written specially by Miss Constance Smedley and Miss Christina Whyte, will be sung by small girls and boys. Miss Pamela Colman Smith will relate the history of "Brer Rabbit."

THE DAMAGES AGAINST MR. COLERIDGE.

Lord Llangatock, president of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, points out that the statement in a provincial newspaper that the costs and damages awarded against Mr. Coleridge in the recent libel action had been paid out of the society's existing funds is wrong, the real case being that a special appeal was made for funds for this distinct purpose.

ONE HUNDRED SURGEONS.

Yorkshire Miner who has Known Eighty-four Operations.

Queen Alexandra, who has herself installed the Finsen light cure for lupus at more than one London hospital, should be intensely interested in the case of a man living in Quesborough, an old-world Yorkshire market town, who has endured no less than eighty-four operations for lupus, and is still hoping to find relief.

For thirty years this sturdy Yorkshireman has suffered from the fell disease, and he estimates that more than 100 surgeons have tried their hand on him at one time or another. He has tramped England from end to end in search of treatment, going as far south as London, as far west as Wales, besides visiting the hospitals of Leeds, Middlesbrough, Manchester, Newcastle, Stockton, and Scarborough. "The expense has been endless," he says, "but people were always very kind and generous."

Originally he was an engineer, but, hearing that the peculiar atmosphere of the ironstone mines in which he works might be beneficial for lupus, he threw up the more lucrative work and is quite content to earn a weekly wage of 38s.

In the face of difficulties, too, he manages to lead a highly useful existence. He lives in a little ivy-clad cottage next door to a chapel of which he is the trustee, and at present he is superintending its structural alterations. He is an officer of the Free Church Council, and treasurer of the Liberal Club. He would be a "passive resister," too, but for the fact that the assistant parish overseer is a particular friend of his.

It is to his faith in his religion that he ascribes his job-like patience under affliction. We trust that this plucky son of the dale will soon be profiting from Professor Finsen's great discovery. He would certainly provide an ideal test case.

ROOF GARDEN FOR LONDONERS.

In about eighteen months' time Londoners will have a public roof garden. Yesterday the London County Council passed the plans of the Westminster Electric Supply Co. for the erection of a generating station abutting upon Balderton-street and other Mayfair thoroughfares, with an Italian terrace and garden on the roof.

The condition is imposed that the garden shall be laid out within eighteen months, and maintained for the use of the public for ever.

POTATOES AND ORANGES.

The figures for the importation of fruit and vegetables into the United Kingdom during the past week show an extraordinary increase in the quantity of imported potatoes.

Last week our importation of potatoes (the crop in this country having partially failed) was no less than 332,550 cwt., as compared with 70,791 cwt. in the corresponding week of 1902. On the other hand, the importation of oranges has fallen in the same week from 244,408 cwt. to 173,270 cwt.

LORD KITCHENER'S THOROUGH METHOD.

A story illustrating Lord Kitchener's thoroughness is told in connection with the manoeuvres at Attock. According to the details prepared, the troops were to be told off "Why give them notice, and why warn staff officers?" the Commander-in-Chief asked; and added that it was surely all-important that the Army of India should be ready to move anywhere at a few hours' notice.

"LITTLE ZOLA."

The Central News regrets to have been the medium of circulating a report which was published in yesterday's newspapers to the effect that the comedian known as "Little Zola" had dropped down dead at St. Pancras Station. "Little Zola" is alive and well. His long, a promising lad of seven years, expired suddenly at the station on Monday evening, and it was this occurrence (the news agency adds) which gave rise to the incorrect report referred to.

To-day's Weddings.

Mr. Geoffrey D. Hall, 16th Queen's Lancers, and Miss Muriel Evelyn Cooper-Key, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Astley Cooper-Key, at St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens, S.W., at 2.30.

Mr. Edward W. Taylor, M.A., Mus.D., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and Miss Susan Marjorie Wharton, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Charles Wharton, vicar of Gilling, Richmond, Yorkshire.

Captain William C. Hamner Bunbury, Indian Army, and Miss Lilian Maude Tomson, only child of the late Mr. William Fox Tomson and Mrs. William Fox Tomson, of 19, First-avenue, Hove, Sussex, at St. Patrick's Church, Hove, at 2.15.

General.

Lord Mayor unveils, in Guildhall Art Gallery, bust of Chaucer, presented by Sir Reginald Hanson, 3.

Lord George Hamilton distributes the prizes in connection with the Trades Training School at Carpenters' Hall.

Sir Edward Grey at Leeds.

Banquet of the Imperial Industries Club and discussion on the "Fiscal Question as Affecting the Colonies," Prince's Restaurant, 7.30.

PURE MILK.

A Ridiculous Dispute that the Babies Must Pay For.

Most significant is a quarrel which is now raging between the Battersea Borough Council and the Local Government Board.

The Board has surcharged the Council 11s. 6d. for expenditure in connection with the depot for the supply of milk for infants, and the Council declares that it has no authority to find the money. The Board has replied that in the Local Authorities Expenses Act of 1887 it will find the necessary permission.

In any case, the milk depot at Battersea will continue its good work, and, in the meantime, Poplar, Lambeth, Kensington, Finsbury, and St. Pancras are waiting the upshot of this absurd piece of red tapism before establishing milk depots for infants of their own.

In Battersea the municipal dairy has existed since June, 1892, and from the day of its inauguration has been a complete success. It would be impossible to say how many little lives have been saved by the depot; but, from a table prepared by the medical officer of health, it appears that the mortality of infants in the borough during the last six months of 1902 was 87.5 per cent. higher than the mortality among the depot-fed children.

Criminal Indifference.

At the milk depot in York-road six modern dairymaids are engaged all day in the preparation of the "Humanised" milk. They add cream and lacto-sugar and salt, and then proportion it out in varying quantities and quantities to suit the ages of the infants.

Between three and four hundred customers apply for the milk daily, and on Saturday the demand is so great that many have to be refused.

The charge for the full weekly supply of humanised milk for infants under six months is 1s. 6d., payable in advance. If a day's supply only is taken, the charge is 3d. For infants aged from six to eight months, who receive 6ozs. per bottle, the charge is 1s. 9d. per week, while for older children receiving 7ozs. per bottle the charge is 2s. per week or 4d. per day, so that the actual price of the milk is less than the trade price.

It is perhaps rather a pity that the Local Government Board auditor—who, by the way, came out second in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" competition—raised this question of the 11s. 6d.

M.P.'s BEQUEST FOR EDUCATION.

The will of the late Mr. Seale-Hayne, M.P., has been proved at £119,500. He leaves the residue, which will probably amount to £25,000 or £30,000, for a technical college in Devon, "without distinction of creed," and directs that no minister of any denomination shall hold office in the college.

To Mr. R. W. E. Middleton, late Conservative agent, Sir J. B. Maple bequeaths £2,000 a year for twenty years.

A CURE FOR STAMMERING.

Classes to cure stammering are being held in Edinburgh by Professor Berquand, an employee of the French Government.

A public committee which has been watching the work has announced that the cure is entirely successful.

Ten pupils have been treated, and they are now so completely cured that they can recite, read aloud, or carry on a conversation with perfect ease.

PROMOTION FOR SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Harrington, K.C.V.O., C.B., H.M. Agent in Abyssinia, has just been promoted to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Emperor Menelik.

Sir John Harrington, who is but thirty-nine years old, began life as a "ranker," much to the astonishment of his friends. In 1884 he took the Queen's shilling, in 1888 he was gazetted a lieutenant in the Middlesex Regiment, and shortly after was promoted to the Indian Staff Corps. Then followed a vice-consulship at Zaila, and the Rennell Rodd mission was his first introduction to King Menelik.

To-Day's Arrangements.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

THE KING OF ITALY'S HAND-SHAKE.

The Mayor of Paddington, referring to the King and Queen of Italy's visit, at a Council meeting, said the King evidently had a "good grip," for he gave him one of the heartiest hand-shakes he ever had in his life.

M.P.'S ENERGY CHECKED.

The charge of inactivity cannot be brought against Mr. Rigg, Liberal member for the Appleby division of Westmorland, by his constituents. He has addressed nearly two hundred public meetings during the present year, and is now ill in bed as the result of overwork.

WESTMINSTER'S DECORATIONS.

The cost of decorations in the City of Westminster during the visits of royal and other distinguished guests to England has recently become a considerable item in the council's expenditure, and to-morrow a councillor will bring forward a motion with a view to obtaining special financial assistance from the Government towards defraying these expenses.

DINNERS ON CREDIT AT THE SAVOY.

Counsel for the Savoy Hotel Co. told the Westminster County Court Judge that "a gentleman of independent means," named Edward Rivey, who owed £10 for dinners, was a director of two companies, with a total capital of £550,000. Judge Woodfall, after jokingly remarking that that was not evidence of means, made an order for seven days' imprisonment.

RIDING OVER A NARROW BRIDGE.

Whilst out with the Blackmore Vale hounds on Monday afternoon Mrs. Tyrwhitt Drake met with a serious accident. She was riding over a narrow wooden bridge near Dogberry Hill (Dorset), when her horse slipped. The rider and animal fell back into the gully, about 4ft. deep. Mrs. Drake escaped with severe injury to her left arm and some bruises.

WON THE GOVERNMENT £1,000 PRIZE.

Messrs. R. Hornsby and Sons, Spiltgate Ironworks, Grantham, have been awarded the Government prize of £1,000 for a military tractor capable of travelling forty miles with a gross load of twenty-five tons without renewing fuel or water. The prize engine's weight is under thirteen tons, and in a trial it travelled fifty-eight miles without renewal, thereby earning an additional bonus of £180.

ENGINE CRASHES INTO A ROCK.

A serious accident occurred early yesterday morning to a goods train travelling north from Carlisle on the Caledonian Railway. In a deep cutting on Beattock Summit the engine crashed into a mass of rock which had fallen on the line, and was wrecked, together with twelve waggons. Both up and down lines were blocked for many hours, and the night expresses from Euston were much delayed in consequence.

NOVEL SPECULATION AT LLOYD'S.

The German Emperor's life is the latest subject of speculation at Lloyd's, and ten per cent. is quoted as the current insurance rate. The chances of war between Japan and Russia also give rise to many inquiries, and the present odds against war between the two countries before February 21 are 100 to 8, which is a considerable decline on last week's prices.

10,000 YEARS TO PAY A DEBT.

A clerk, according to the statement on his behalf in the City of London Court yesterday, borrowed £20 from a moneylender in 1886, had since paid £100 as interest, and was now summoned for £153. The Judge said that if this were true he could not make a higher order than for the payment of one farthing a month, in which event the discharge of the debt would take 10,000 years. The case was subsequently adjourned.

GATWICK RACES.

Some capital sport was witnessed at Gatwick yesterday, and as a fair number of well-backed candidates proved successful, the proceedings, which were blessed with cold but fine weather, proved most enjoyable. Results of racing—

| Race. | Winner. | Second. | Third. | Price. |
|--------------------|-----------|-------------|----------|----------|
| Rusper Hds. (4) | Sherness | Read | 1 to 1 | 1 to 1 |
| Novices' Chase (6) | Friary | Mason | 7 to 4 | 7 to 4 |
| Timely Chase (9) | Queen Bee | Mr. Nugent | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| Crofton Hds. (12) | Donative | Nightingall | 100 to 6 | 100 to 6 |
| Timberham Hds. (6) | Puerto | Pierced | 6 to 2 | 6 to 2 |
| Pegasus Chase (2) | The Chief | Woodland | 4 to 9 | 4 to 9 |

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)
 The following may prove successful to-day:—Three-Year-Old Hurdle—St. Patrick's Day; Courtland Steeplechase—Adams; Gatwick Hurdle Race—Cadden and Cloutier; Metropolitan Steeplechase—Alston's Pride or Falander; Water Steeplechase—Montney.

At the Newmarket December sale yesterday the chief attraction was the sale of Mr. Wemyss's horses. The best price was made by Hands Down, who was sold to Mr. James Buchanan for 3,400 guineas.

LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH.

Strong teams of Western Counties' Ladies and Northern Counties' Ladies met in a hockey match at Cheltenham yesterday. The Westerners were drawn from Gloucestershire, Devon, and Somerset, and the Northerners from Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire. A capital game was played, although the weather was unfavourable. In the first half there was no score, although the North had the best of the game. Soon after resuming Mrs. Craigie, of Cheshire, playing centre-forward, scored twice for the North, and then Miss Evans, of Somerset, registered a goal for the West. Before the final Mr. McLaren, of Lancashire, put on a third goal for the North, who thus won by 3 goals to 1. The winners owed their victory to superior combination.

THE HUNT AFTER BEAUTY

HOW CLEVER SPECIALISTS TRANS-
FORM PLAIN WOMEN INTO
PRETTY ONES.

CLEVER women who know what they want invariably get it. That is a pronouncement with a very large foundation of excellent sense in it. For the gist of the extraordinary statement lies in the words—know what they want.

Numbers of foolish, pining, neurotic beings are everlastingly wanting something that they cannot define, hence their pilgrimage through what is to them a veritable vale of tears is a martyrdom, haunted by the gaunt spectre, chronic discontent, whose machinations sour and ruin millions of lives.

A Universal Craving.

But there is one possession for which every true woman, from the great grandmother to the baby, longs. It is beauty. For ages a foolish and detrimental crusade was waged against the quest for it, and the creed was promulgated that good looks were a delusion and a snare. But the enlightened women of the twentieth century have penetrated that slough of despond and have emerged in a fair and happy country, permeated by beauty specialists, whose whole lives are devoted to their embellishment, and whose first lesson is the hopeful one that no one who chooses not to be ugly need be.

Happy women of the twentieth century; happy beauty specialists! For here is a demand the supply of which must never fail, hence the methods and means by which loveliness is dealt out increase daily.

Comeliness for All.

It is to describe in detail each single form of beauty culture that the great pilgrimage heralded in this column to-day has been instituted. The pilgrims in search of beauty will be of all ages and all descriptions. Here is a very curtailed list of them. There will be the girl who is not exactly pretty, but who means to be superlatively so before she abandons the quest for comeliness. Side by side with her will march the woman who is ageing. Who does not sympathise with her? Her case is a parlous one, perhaps, but there is plenty of hope in it, for in front of her trudges a light-hearted great-grandmother, who, by dint of close attention to the rules of beauty and hygiene, has preserved her charms into extreme old age.

A batch of other wayfarers will follow, whose complexions, hair, figures, eyes, teeth, feet, and hands were not Nature's best productions. It is a wretchedly bad form on Nature's part to send her children out into the world as damaged goods, but she is a fickle dame, whose doings know no law nor order. But when all these and many other pilgrims have proved how possible and even simple the beauty specialists find the task of metamorphosing geese into swans, then others afflicted with like drawbacks will seize their staffs and join the great throng who crowd the salons where beauty is sold across the counter, or bestowed by the hands of those initiated in the healing arts.

A Very Bold Resource.

If there were one royal road for all the pilgrims to follow, way would be monotonous indeed. Fortunately such is not the case. Each specialist achieves her end in a different manner, so that it will be an amusing as well as an instructive history that chronicles them all.

There is one beauty doctor whose patients are called upon to undergo what seems a very drastic course, that of face skinning.

A horrible and painful form of mutilation is what this treatment sounds in bald language, yet I who write have actually seen a patient who has emerged from the ordeal with a cuticle as soft and fine as a baby's, and a heart made rapturously happy because of the transformation that had been effected in her looks. The means taken by the specialist who performs this delicate operation are secret ones. She is an American who lives in London, and who numbers among her patients not only women but men, one of them a well known literary light, whose face for many years was disfigured as the result of an accident with gunpowder, so that he could not bear to mix among his fellow beings.

Differences of Opinion.

Each specialist has her own pet unguents and cosmetics. One of them procures her wonderful oil from a magician who lives far away in India among the hills; another has hers from Constantinople, where it is used by the ladies of the harem, and is so secret a cosmetic that the woman who sells it does not herself know its precise composition.

Differences of opinion, as future articles will prove, are held by the various beauty doctors as to the efficacy of electricity. One specialist completes each operation by the aid of a battery, claiming for electricity certain tonic powers that are specially beneficial to the complexion after a course of steaming and massage. Another declares the aid of electricity to be perfectly E unnecessary.

It is just the same with the steaming process. I have had my head muffled up in a sheet, and my face has been placed where the steam from a very active kettle could reach it. Inside this environment I was commanded to stay and breathe as best I could for a certain time, and all the comfort

repeated ejaculations of unhappiness elicited was that profuse perspiration was needed before the specialist could work her will upon my faulty face.

Times without number have I sought the advice and curative powers of the beauty specialist, and never has it been without a thrill of trepidation that I have taken my seat in the operating chair. I am bound to add, however, in all fairness to the powers that be, that every unpleasant and painful emotion is eliminated from the process as it is performed by the clever specialists of to-day, whose salons would scarcely be so full as they are were comfort less certain than it is. Men declare that women will undergo any amount of pain and discomfort to obtain beauty, but women know full well that they will put up with a great many drawbacks rather than subject themselves to real pain.

The first illustrated story of a pilgrim in search of loveliness will be written by a girl who was not exactly pretty, and now is an acknowledged beauty.

COLOUR PRINTING.

GOOD AND INDIFFERENT.

TWELVE drawings of "Familiar Characters in Fiction and Romance," by Monro S. Orr (London: J. M. Dent and Co.) would be more attractive were it not that Mr. Orr follows in the wake of another and a better artist, Mr. Nicholson, who has treated

similar subjects in a far more satisfactory fashion.

We do not find fault with Mr. Orr's pictorial interpretations of such well-known and varied characters as Jos. Sedley, Mrs. Malaprop, Mr. Micawber, the Three Musketeers, and Tony Lumpkin, each of which is quite admirable from the literary point of view; but we cannot say as much of the technical method employed for these colour prints.

A French View of Turner.

There is a fascination about the style of the French art critic. Whilst the Briton generally confines himself to dry facts, the Frenchman knows how to invest his critical remarks with a charm of beautiful language, and appears to be inspired by the poetry which he finds in the work of the artist whom he analyses.

This is the case with M. de la Sizeranne, the author of the first essay in the beautifully illustrated volume on Turner, published by "The Studio."

The essay deals with Turner as oil-painter, and the author divides his work into three distinct periods; his classical and Wilsonian style or his "French manner"; his realistic English manner; and the purely Turnerian manner. In other words, says M. de la Sizeranne, Turner painted first of all Nature as his masters saw it; then Nature as he saw it himself; and, lastly, Nature as he wished to see it.

The colour plates in the book, of which there are a great number, are perfect facsimiles of Turner's paintings.

OUR HIDDEN TREASURE STORY.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the fortunate seeker in the search for the Radium and £50 in gold hidden in yesterday's "Daily Mirror" is

M. ORR, 7, Cleveland-road, Ealing,

who succeeded in finding all the hidden figures (giving a total of 2592½), and whose telegram was handed in at Ealing at 10.46 a.m.

Those who would like to possess a tube of Radium and are not, like Mr. Golden Phipps, suffering from a superfluity of wealth, should read the following very carefully.

No. II.—THE CLUE OF THE HIDDEN NAME.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. GOLDEN PHIPPS ... A bored millionaire.
Lord EGBERT MOUNTJOY His secretary: with ideas.

A

It was a great success.

Even Lord Egbert Mountjoy had not anticipated that his device for the divestment of his friend and patron, Mr. Golden Phipps, would meet with such an instantaneous and cordial reception. The millionaire himself was overjoyed at the unexpected enthusiasm which his novel effort evoked in every quarter. He was more like a child with a new toy than a man bearing the cares which must inevitably accompany an income of £500 a day. He had been a very bored person indeed for many a year, but at last he had discovered a new interest in life.

As he himself admitted, he had not felt so light-hearted since the evening he won 2s. by cheating at Bridge, and squared his conscience the next day by sending an anonymous donation of seven hours' income to the fair victim's pet charity.

All After Treasure.

The morning of the treasure hunt saw him abroad early; he wished to note the effect of his whim upon the readers of the *Daily Mirror*, and this source of amusement did not fail him till far on into the day. The whole morning he watched people under all sorts of conditions nervously seeking in the columns of the paper for his hidden Radium and gold. Later on, in the restaurants, he was amused to see the great quest E continued, additions and calculations being excitedly made on the margins of newspapers, on menu cards, spotless white cuffs, and even snowy tablecloths. As the day advanced he found time pass pleasantly in reviewing the procession of telegraph boys and postmen that had for its objective the office wherein lay the coveted treasure.

Undoubtedly to Mr. Golden Phipps the first day's search proved an excellent investment.

B

"The millionaire and Lord Egbert Mountjoy were discussing the result of the latter's plan, and, incidentally, a dinner such as only the chef of the Hotel Splendid, London, knows how to provide. To one of the diners at least the meal seemed even more excellent than usual, for a sheaf of interesting telegrams and postcards lay before him."

"It was a stroke of genius, Mountjoy," he was saying. "Nothing less. I wish you had thought of it before. But strokes of that order don't run in your family, I believe you once mentioned. I see that several treasure hunters succeeded in unearthing all the hidden figures. There is no doubt as to who earned the awards, however, for I see the winning telegram was despatched at 10.46 a.m. He must be an earlier riser than you, Mountjoy."

"Decidedly a worm worth rising early for," remarked Lord Egbert. "If only it were summer I am not sure that I would not wear an alarm clock and enter myself. Perhaps E however, you will hide a little treasure in this suite of rooms one day, giving the clues to me only overnight."

The millionaire's smile was not one of overwhelming encouragement.

"At present I fancy there are objects slightly more deserving," he said. "Besides I allow you all the glory attached to devising

this form of entertaining me. Learn to appreciate glory, Mountjoy! It is harder to get than money, and much easier to lose. But, to return to our treasure trove, I believe you hinted that you had a plan?"

"I have your Brilliancy. I fancy I even went so far as to designate it 'The Clue of the Hidden Name.' To a certain extent I propose that we follow the lines of the first treasure hunt, that is, that we—meaning you, of course—present to some worthy recipient more Radium and more gold. On this occasion, however, I propose that we hide a name instead of a set of figures. Let us, say, insert throughout the journal you have selected a number of letters which, when discovered and placed together in their proper order, will form a name. To the person who succeeds in finding the buried Z name and first communicates the same by post or telegram you shall present, say, £10, and a tube of radium. Suppose you write the name."

What was his Address?

Mr. Golden Phipps seemed to appreciate the suggestion, for he produced a visiting-card, and, after a moment's thought, wrote on the back of it—a name.

"There you are," he said, throwing the bit of pasteboard across to Lord Egbert, "It is the name of an old friend. We worked together in California before I had need of, or time for, this kind of diversion. Ah, me! Well, I am indebted to you for a very novel experience. I had no idea that there was anything so exciting left in the world. It has been a cheap day's amusement. What do you suggest, good Egbert, for the third treasure hunt?"

"For that," replied Lord Egbert, "I suggest 'The Clue of the Man's Address,' and the treasure, I think, I will leave to you."

HOW TO SECURE TO-DAY'S RADIUM AND GOLD.

While we are not permitted to divulge the actual identity of the philanthropic individual described in our columns of yesterday and to-day, we may state that he has selected the *Daily Mirror* as the medium through which to distribute some of his superfluous wealth. Scattered throughout the columns of the *Daily Mirror* for this date will be found a number of capital letters. These letters have been inserted without particular method. They will be found in paragraphs, news, advertisements, and some, obviously, may be detected in these columns.

When discovered and placed together in their proper order, these letters form a man's Christian and surnames. The question for treasure hunters is, therefore, "What was the man's name?" The reader who first communicates this to us by wire or postcard will receive the precious tube of Radium and £10 in gold. Entries must be addressed, "NAME," *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C., and they may not be left by hand. In the case of telegrams, the time at which the message was handed in will be considered as the time of its receipt.

Entries can only be received on the distinct understanding that the Editor's decision will in all cases be accepted as final. Of course, no one connected in any way with the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete. Entries by letter will be disqualified, and entries once dispatched cannot be subsequently corrected. Queries cannot be answered by us either by post or telegraph.

A MAN'S THOUGHTS ON WOMEN'S BOOKS.

3.—THE UNCLEAN IN FICTION.

SIX CHAPTERS OF A MAN'S LIFE. By "Victoria Cross." The Walter Scott Publishing Co.
ONE PRETTY PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By Florence Bright. Eveleigh Nash.

I.

IT is, thank Heaven, not often that one has the odious duty of giving prominence and advertisement to books that are addressed to a corrupt taste; but sometimes the thing is so flagrant, the insult to the public so profoundly impertinent, that it becomes necessary, at the risk of giving publicity to a mischievous influence, to tell the truth without any mincing of words.

Of the two books which form the subject of this review, one is extremely clever, the other extremely commonplace in style; one (the first) has been advertised without shame, while the other has achieved no great notoriety; one is anonymous (as well it might be) and the other is by an authoress who has achieved some success with former books; but both are stamped with the nasty, unmistakable imprint of a morbid and decadent taste. The theme of both is sex, but not that beautiful aspect of sex which is illuminated and glorified by human love; it is the sex of simple fleshly passion, and in one case a distorted and monstrous form of that passion. It is not an edifying theme; it is not even interesting, except to serious students of psychology; and even then a not unnatural nausea has to be overcome for the sake of whatever scientific interest the subject may possess. Here there is no such excuse; it is simply a disgusting disturbance of a moral muck-heap which decent people would instinctively avoid.

II.

Why, then, it may be asked, this publicity in the *Daily Mirror*? Simply as a warning. One of these books is so clever, and the other so apparently innocent, that many a woman who would feel sickened by what she read would find herself deep in either story before she realised the nature of the work. And let us be quite honest. Both are books which men and women of the world would naturally take up with a certain curiosity; but both are books which they would lay down with a feeling of nausea and disgust.

Let us dispose of the simple one first, because it is not the worst. Miss Florence Bright, I am sure, hardly realises how far wrong artistically she is in describing such an incident as that in the railway carriage, or in describing a seduction by force. She must have intelligence enough to see that these things are not demanded by the story and that they alienate decent people from her work. Nor is the constant dwelling on the physical charms of the heroine anything but revolting, especially when one remembers that the author is a woman. How any woman can print her name on the title page of such a work is a complete mystery to me.

III.

The book by "Victoria Cross's," however, is a much more seriously mischievous work. It is brilliantly written, which makes the shame upon its author the greater; and it pretends to have a moral teaching. Here is the preface:—

The following pages from a human life came into my hands after that life had ceased to be, and from the terrible story of reckless transgression and its punishment contained in them it seemed to me that Humanity might learn some of those lessons which Life is ever striving to teach. If this should be so, the book would be the story of the one who left this short record of wasted days will not have been wholly useless. And that this record may stand as a lasting protest against all egotism, all love of love for the sake of pleasure, all love, instead of the all-glorious and selfless love which desires only the well-being of the loved one, is my whole aim and hope in presenting it to the public.

A grosser piece of impudence than this could hardly be conceived. The "following pages" are nothing more nor less than a vivid account of the experiences of a man who makes a young woman his paramour, and travels with her in the dress and disguise of a man. The joys of this companionship are faithfully set down. The pair go everywhere, get drunk together, smoke cigars all day long, and indulge in an orgy of passionate dissipation.

IV.

Much of "Victoria Cross's" work is clever enough to be interesting and therefore noxious. One needs not to be a Puritan to feel the wretchedness of so much ability being applied to a subject so unprofitable at best, so criminally disgusting at worst.

I will not describe the brutality of the incident with which the story culminates; it is enough to say that the narrator goes with his "comrade" into an Egyptian dancing-den at Port Said; that the sex of his comrade is then suspected, and that she is retained there for a week, while he is ejected with the threat that if he takes any action she will be put to death. The loathsomeness of this situation is done full justice to by "Victoria Cross."

I have said enough, I trust, to warn healthy people from this piece of nastiness. One can but speak for oneself; and I know that it will be a long time before I get rid of the intellectual—and, indeed, physical—nausea with which it has inspired me. Only the hope that I may save others from a similar experience has induced me to mention it here; for, frankly, I think the book unmentionable in civil conversation.

C. L. K.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

The Queen is coming to town this week, and the chief object of her visit is to choose her Christmas presents. In former years her Majesty's visit for this purpose has been somewhat earlier, but this year, instead of a selection of things being sent to Buckingham Palace for her inspection, they have been sent to Sandringham, and there the larger quantity of gifts have been selected, and in most cases are already packed up and addressed.

A very favourite gift of the Queen's is an autographed photograph of herself in a leather frame, and her Christmas cards almost always take the form of flower pictures.

To-day the Princess of Wales, with her hostess, Lady Wolverton, and some other members of the house-party now staying at Iwerne Minster, will drive out to Bryansford and lunch with Lord Portman and his daughter, Miss Mary Portman.

Bryansford is a beautiful place near Blandford, in Dorsetshire. It is in every way an up-to-date mansion, possessing a large garage, for Lord Portman is an enthusiastic motorist, a rather curious combination with that of M.F.H., which he has been for several years.

There was a very gay crowd of people lunching yesterday at the Berkeley, and two or three of the parties were quite impromptu ones, as people met out shopping in the morning, and when the rain came on turned in at different places to lunch.

Lord and Lady Chelsea, the latter dressed in scarlet with a brown hat, met a number of friends; Sir John and Lady Maxwell were lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexler; and Lady Annesley, in green, with a white hat and sable furs, was at another table.

Lady Wood, who was with Sir Matthew, was looking very nice; Mrs. Dighton Probyn was another pretty woman with her husband; and Mr. and Mrs. Portman and Sir Alfred and Lady Dent were other people there.

The long-awaited German "Rhodes students" after their arrival at Oxford were visited by Lord Rosebery and Mr. Charles Boyd, secretary of the Rhodes Trust Fund. Lord Rosebery was in his most charming mood, and discussed Bismarck with the students to their obvious pleasure; nor was it news to them that he and Count Herbert Bismarck had been the best of friends for many a long year. The students are fine young men, and each one is dressed in the most approved English fashion. With them they bore a gracious message from the Kaiser, in which reference was made to "my friend, Cecil Rhodes."

Encouraged by the success of the Irish Literary sale at Windsor, the Irish Literary Society, of Hanover-square, will hold a sale of Irish lace, crochet, and Irish Christmas cards, which opens to-day.

Lady Annesley leaves London to-day for Dublin, and is going straight to the Viceregal Lodge to stay with Lord and Lady Dudley. Nearly all Lady Mabel's trousseau has been made in Ireland, though her stepmother has ordered a few additions during her stay in town. As it is the express wish of Lord Annesley that his daughter's outfit should, as far as possible, be of home manufacture, several of her gowns are to be of Irish poplin, and he has presented her with some beautiful lace, and all her table linen has been made in Ireland.

Viscountess Hayashi had a small reception yesterday afternoon at the Japanese Legation in Grosvenor-gardens. The hostess, looking very well in a smart Parisian gown, received her guests in the smaller drawing-room, which was brilliantly lit with many electric lights, and tea was served in English fashion. There are some good Japanese pictures in the Legation, and a few excellent specimens of Japanese needlework, which always interest visitors.

Princess Alexis Dolgorouki is now staying with Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West at their place in Hampshire. She will come up to town to-morrow to open the Hans Andersen Bazaar at the Portman Rooms, but leaves again immediately with the Prince, who has also been laid up with the prevalent cold.

Mrs. Walter Chinnery is giving a cotillon shortly for Princess Alice of Albany and her fiancé, Prince Alexander of Teck, at her house near Cobham, Hatchford Park.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, accompanied by the Duke, paid a visit to Edinburgh yesterday, and fulfilled quite a number of very important social functions in the capital. An enthusiastic reception always awaits Princess Louise in Edinburgh, and yesterday was no exception to the rule. The day's events began at noon, when badges were presented at the Nursing Home, in Castle-terrace, to a very large number of Jubilee nurses from various districts throughout Scotland. The Princess wore a large sable mantle, and carried a sable muff. Her gown was of reseda fine cloth, and her earrings were pearls. With this was worn a toque of pale

grey velvet with white roses. The Duke of Argyll spoke for the Princess, expressing the pleasure felt by her in being able to perform the duty of presenting the badges.

The royal repository was next visited, where a pretty opening ceremony started the Christmas sale. Lady Kinross met the Princess at the door, and asked her acceptance of a basket of choice flowers, which Princess Louise carried as she stepped on the slightly raised dais from which the ceremony took place. Declaring the sale open, the Princess wished it every success. She made a tour of the stalls, and bought liberally. Lady Marjory Mackenzie, in grey with lace and a three-cornered beaver hat, was at one of the stalls, and Lady Tweeddale was in dark blue, with a shaded green plume held by a gold buckle in a black hat.

At the Sick Children's Hospital the Princess opened the new dispensary. Sir Robert Cranston, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and Lady Cranston in black, with sables, was present; General Tucker, commanding the forces in Scotland, with Lady Tucker, who wore dark green with sables; Lady Tweeddale, Lady Pearson, and a large and representative gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Princess Louise carried a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which she had graciously accepted on arrival from a little girl on behalf of the nursing staff.

Enthusiasm is very strong in Edinburgh for the proposed Victoria Memorial School for soldiers' and sailors' sons; and so a great gathering awaited the Princess in the music-hall, where she presided at an initial meeting. The hall was strikingly decorated with flags, and the guard was composed of officers and men of the 17th Lancers, with naval officers and men from the gunboats in the Forth. It was altogether an imposing meeting, strongly suggestive of the feeling that prevails.

People streamed from the music-hall to have tea at the repository sale, where Mrs. Charles Forbes, of Callander, in a black voile gown, with old lace and a big picture hat, was receiving many compliments on her charming Norwegian tea garden. One end of the hall was very tastefully laid out with shrubs and tables, on each of which appeared a basket of different flowers. For each table there were two waitresses, young ladies from the Scottish county families, dressed in linen skirts to correspond with the flowers on the table, black velvet corselet bodices, white linen aprons, quaint caps, and fichus with bands of old toned lace. Each carried a Norwegian sledge tray decorated in coloured marqueterie to suit her flowers.

Miss Vane Featherstone's dramatic and musical tea party has become well nigh an annual institution. The function of yesterday filled the larger Queen's Hall to overflowing with a smart and brilliant audience, testifying to the

deserved success which has attended Miss Featherstone's efforts.

The Actors' Orphanage Fund would naturally appeal to the sympathies of the profession, and they gathered in numbers to render service in every capacity. The musical programme, amongst other items, contained songs by Messrs. C. Hayden Coffin, Maurice Bacci, Robert Michaelis, and Francis Thorold, and a recitation by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree of "Young Lochinvar." Musical sketches by Miss Nellie Ganhony and Mr. Leslie Harris were much appreciated, and Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Ruby Celeste delighted their audience with a humorous dramatic sketch, "Packing Up." Mr. Arthur Faber gave some very clever imitations, and other well-known artists contributed to the programme.

Tea was served at 4.45 from five tables arranged at the back of the stalls, and presided over by Miss Carlotta Addison, Mrs. Alfred Bishop, Mrs. Hayden Coffin, and other ladies as well known to the public, whilst the serving contingent included in its ranks Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, Miss Lettice Fairfax, and a score of others of undisputed charm and talent, whose white aprons formed the distinguishing feature of their varied costumes.

At the English and American Bars Miss Constance Collier, Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, Miss Nellie Farren, and Miss Granville and their confrères dispensed drinks and banter.

From the non-professional world came also a support as generous, and possibly more disinterested—Carl Herbert's Viennese Band had been lent by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, and the programmes, embellished by sketches from the pens of Dudley Hardy and Cecil Alden, provided a delightful reminiscence of the occasion.

A wild, wet morning greeted the followers of the Cottesmore yesterday at Wadboro' Cross-roads. Owston Wood was alive with foxes; hounds got away on the back of one, and ran well below Knossington, through Lady Wood, past Orton Park Wood, and on nearly to Cold Overton, where the fox was viewed making for Ranksboro'. Before he could reach the gorse he was headed back, and the pack, getting on good terms with their quarry, pursued him by Langham, and killed him in the gardens of Barley Thorpe. Orton Park Wood was then drawn, and three foxes went away. Rain was then falling in torrents, which spoilt any chance of a gallop.

A marriage was to have taken place at King's Bromley Church, Staffordshire, yesterday, between Miss Sibyl Edwardes, daughter of the Dowager Lady Kensington, of Ruberslaw Crief, Wales, and Mr. William de Winton, of Graftonbury Hall, Herefordshire. We regret to state, however, that the bride is lying ill at King's Bromley Manor, the residence of her sister, Mrs. Lane, from where the marriage was to have taken place.

Georgiana Lady Dudley is leaving England almost immediately to spend the winter abroad, as she has been far from strong of

late. She was made a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem in recognition of her splendid and unostentatious efforts in organising the hospitals for the sick and wounded officers during the South African war. She even sold some of her most valuable jewels to augment the funds of this splendid work.

On Saturday night, the 19th inst., Sir Charles Wyndham will bring the run of "Mrs. Goring's Necklace" to a close at the New Theatre, where it is probable he will not appear again until well on in February.

The piece with which he will reopen his theatre will be "La Chatelaine," by M. Alfred Capus, which made a very distinct success in Paris.

In the meantime the theatre will be occupied afternoon and evening with performances of the Christmas play, "Alice Through the Looking-glass."

There is to be a big ball at Warwick Castle one night next week, when Lord and Lady Warwick will entertain a party for the occasion.

It really seems that the absurd fad of wearing bracelets, necklets, and so on, by men, for which the South African war was largely responsible, has not been allowed to die. Indeed, it seems to be very much alive. It is quite a common thing for a man to wear visibly a curb bracelet, though, as a rule, he does it for a sentimental reason. In exchange for an engagement ring his fiancée gives him a bracelet, fitted with a padlock and key complete. She locks it on his wrist, or above the elbow, and keeps the key. If something still more binding is required for sentiment's sake the bracelet is riveted on.

Some men—it is perhaps a good thing that one doesn't know it—wear hidden necklets with lockets. These, it is understood, are worn night and day, but are capable of detachment. They vary in form from the infinitesimal chain with heart pendant to the humble eyeglass cord and heart pendant. The fashion is growing also for men to wear bracelet watches. The army and the hunting field are jointly responsible here. But why will not hunting and army men be content to wear leather straps, and wear them only in the field or on duty? There is no occasion for a man to have an elaborate woven gold bracelet with a diminutive watch set in precious stones. But this is what he is having now.

There is another reason why men do these things. Some of them are still superstitious. A man makes his fortune at mining, returns home, and has a pure gold bracelet made and fitted to his arm, usually invisibly. Another puts a nugget in a locket, and another, whose work or play takes him into the region of chance, wears a gold bracelet, or even a gold garter, for luck.

But the most extraordinary case of all was that told to a representative of the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, of the young millionaire American who ordered a diamond snake girdle to be made, thirty-three inches long, with ruby eyes, and actually wore it next his skin. That even beats our pantomimic Marquis.

The Duke of Cambridge has promised to preside at the regimental dinner of the 4th Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment to-morrow evening.

Bedale will be very gay to-morrow night for the Hunt Ball, which is taking place in the Town Hall. This is always one of the most successful balls of the season, and the Duke of Leeds is one of the prime movers in its organisation.

Lord and Lady Bandon have been staying at Birr Castle, the residence of Lord and Lady Rosse, where they have had some excellent and varied shooting. The present Lord Rosse is the fourth earl, but the family which is of English origin, came to Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when William Parsons settled there, and became one of the Lords Justices. Birr Castle has been in their possession since William Parsons was made Governor in 1641 of the territory of Elye o' Carroll, and of his castle at Birr.

For Mr. George Edwardes' production of "Madame Sherry" at the Apollo Theatre, the cast has now been completed, and rehearsals have been so far advanced that the production may be looked for about the end of next week. The book of this musical play is by a Frenchman, M. Ordonneau, and the music is by a Viennese composer, Dr. Hugo Felix. The following is the cast:—

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-------|-------------------------|
| McSherry | | Mr. Mack Kinghome. |
| Barbara (his Niece) | | Miss Hilda Moody. |
| Andrew Sherry (his Nephew) | | Mr. Louis Bradford. |
| Catherine (Andrew's Housekeeper) | | Miss Florence St. John. |
| Joseph (his Manservant) | | Mr. Fred Emney. |
| Mistigrette | | Miss Maggie May. |
| Pepita | | Miss Norma Whalley. |
| Leon | | Mr. Bertram Binyon. |
| Commissionaire | | Mr. Charles Anglin. |
| Head Waiter | | Mr. H. Ades. |

Act 1.—Andrew Sherry's rooms, Paris.
Act 2.—Room in a café, Paris.
Act 3.—Terminus Hotel, Paris.
Scenery by Joseph Hacker.

The meet of the West Norfolk Fox Hounds, which is usually held at Sandringham this month, will not take place, as all the foxes on the Sandringham estate have been destroyed, in consequence of the ravages they made on the game, and when there was a meet it was necessary to have a "bagged" fox, which the King did not consider sportsmanlike.



ACTRESSES AS TEA GIRLS.
Miss Vane Featherstone's Charity Entertainment at the Queen's Hall.

SCANDALOUS BOOKS.

THE CREEVEY PAPERS PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE KING'S PERMISSION.

SOME OPINIONS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

A number of the correspondents whose letters we continue to receive on the subject of the "Creevey Papers" assume that the permission of the King was given for the publication of this book by Mr. John Murray.

We have made careful inquiry as to the correctness of this assumption, which is very general among the readers of the volumes, and we have reason to believe that his Majesty was not consulted in the matter at all.

The scandalous stories about his Majesty's grandfather, resting mainly on the substance of mere gossip, were put before the world, therefore, without any authorisation, and even without being submitted to his Majesty as a matter of courtesy before they appeared.

That considerable indignation has been aroused among our readers by the publication in the "Creevey Papers" of indiscreet gossip relating to the grandfather and other immediate ancestors of the King we have abundant evidence in the letters of protest that reach us by every post. To-day, however, we print a number of letters supporting, for the most part, the action of the editor and publisher of the "Creevey Papers."

We have every desire to be fair, but we cannot admit that the objections of our first "Lady Correspondent" have been met. Why, after all, should it be considered right to publish details about the Royal Family that would be bitterly resented in the case of a less exalted family? Which one of our correspondents, we wonder, would welcome a full and public disclosure of every discreditable incident connected with their immediate ancestors?

We leave this matter to our readers, convinced as we are of the correctness of our first impression that much of the gossip of the "Creevey Papers" ought not to have been made public.

"A VALUABLE HISTORICAL DOCUMENT."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Your correspondent finds fault with this interesting and entertaining book (the "Creevey Papers") because, amongst other things, it is too outspoken about persons related to our Royal Family.

Why, in the name of common sense, should we blink at facts because a certain royal gentleman, with most of the foibles of his sex and generation happens to have been the ancestor of our popular King? Is this not sentiment and loyalty run to seed?

Your correspondent, with more zeal for morals (of a kind) than for history and logic, is of opinion that "a disclosure of this kind, reflecting, as it does, so unfavourably on the character of our beloved late Queen's father, should never have been written." Why not? I fail to see why our "beloved late Queen" should have been dragged into the matter—people are not responsible for the foibles of their parents.

I, for one, though a woman—not a "young person"—have found this book a most interesting historical document.

Sir Herbert Maxwell will certainly be thanked by posterity for his able editing, and readers of the *Mirror* who are too squeamish to face plain speaking about matters of history should choose for study a more "respectable" epoch—perhaps our own would be suitable if we could get far enough away from it.

You wisely warned readers that this was not a book for the "young person." Much of it is scandalous, much is trivial, and some—very little—might perhaps have been omitted; but, for all that, it is a valuable document.

Richmond, Surrey.

VERITAS.

A ROYAL REBUKE.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

You published recently a protest from one of your readers concerning the indiscreet revelations about the King's grandfather, contained in the "Creevey Papers" lately edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell. The writer is apparently unaware that there already exists a whole literature of unauthorised reports of conversations and gossip dealing with the lives of royal and political personages.

It was reserved for the Victorian era to produce first one and then another series of volumes which owed not a little of the interest they excited to the fact that they were the authentic diaries and letters of people well known in their day, who seemed in many cases to have actually prepared that literary bombshell should follow, after a short interval, their disappearance from the world.

The first of these important and authentic publications was, of course, the "Greville Memoirs" which, edited by the late Mr. Henry Reeve, the editor of the "Quarterly,"

produced a most extraordinary sensation, and was known to have given the very deepest displeasure to Court.

Though that portion of Greville's Journal which was published in 1874 dealt only with the reigns of George IV. and William IV., it was known that what had annoyed and grieved Queen Victoria were certain details concerning the private lives of her uncles, and also some remarks made by Greville as to the late Duchess of Kent.

It is known that her Majesty went so far as to send a message of rebuke to the editor, but with considerable pluck he refused to accept any dictation as to his duty to his dead friends, and in his preface to the second part of Greville's Journal he observes:—

The reigns of George IV. and William IV. already belong to the history of the past, and accordingly I did not conceive it to be my duty to suppress or qualify any of the statements or opinions of the author on public men or public events.

After the publication of the Greville Memoirs a pledge of absolute secrecy was exacted from all those who became members of the royal household, and though occasionally the Queen allowed the publication of such a book as Lady Bloomfield's Recollections, the proofs of the volumes were in each case submitted to her.

Perhaps in this matter the Queen was hardly as consistent as the nation has been taught to believe her to have been, for in 1875, apropos of the publication of the Life of the Prince Consort, which was thought by some of the Prince's friends to have been almost too frank, her Majesty wrote to her daughter, Princess Alice:—

"You must remember that endless faults and untrue things have been written and

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER DIES AT BRIGHTON.

HIS STUPENDOUS WORKS.

HERBERT SPENCER, the greatest of Anglo-Saxon thinkers, whose intellectual peers are few in history and superiors none, died early yesterday morning at Brighton, in his eighty-fourth year.

For some years he had spent his greatly-earned leisure between a Brighton bath-chair and the themes of Mozart, simple and beautiful, like the philosophy of the great Englishman himself. Only now and again in recent times have a few words from his voice been heard in public affairs, and if his had been a politician's life, we might have regarded him as little more than an extinct volcano. But thought is eternal, and the thinker has his "Wages of going on and not to die."

Spencer came of a race of pedagogues—his father, grandfather, and uncles having followed the profession of teaching. His parents, anxious that he should follow in the traditions of the family, secured him a position in the school which he had first attended as a boy. His career as a teacher lasted just three months. His uncle, the Rev. T. Spencer, was the first clergyman to take a prominent part in the Corn Law agitation.

In his personal appearance he was very like Herkomer's portrait of him in the Tate Gallery: a quiet old gentleman with a

society in the world would think itself honoured in honouring him, as was without a degree, a decoration, or a title, for he questioned the utility of all these things, and, since he practised what he preached, would have none of them. Though profoundly versed in the feminine heart—a champion of women's legitimate rights, and the author of a passage of terrible pathos and power in which he had framed an indictment against man for his appalling treatment of woman in the ages that—thank Heaven—are past, Herbert Spencer was never married.

His deathless name is in no need of an heir, for he is the progenitor of countless thinkers and imperishable thoughts yet unborn.

No Ladies' Man.

Mr. Spencer held aloof from the society of women. He was never in love, regarding women in his early days as illogical and frivolous creatures. One who enjoyed his intimate friendship once wrote, rather foolishly, "His keen, penetrating glance soon discovered faults in any girl, and quickly chilled his admiration."

What are the reasons for believing—as every living scientist and philosopher does—that Spencer will be read as long as Shakespeare, and will serve to remind posterity, in some future geological epoch, that there was once an isle called England?

The great Frenchman, Auguste Comte, had seen that human society and all its ways were subject to the laws of Nature, and he had attempted to outline a "positive philosophy" on rational principles. His work was taken as a whole, a splendid failure; for the lack of one idea, the greatest of all ideas, That idea, the supreme generalisation of evolution, came to his successor, Herbert Spencer.

His Magnum Opus.

It was in 1860 that he determined, with splendid courage, to write a complete philosophy, which should embrace all things within this great thought of evolution. Three times he temporarily abandoned the project through lack of funds, poor health, and—in one instance—a period of insomnia which lasted for eighteen months. But in 1896—after thirty-six years—he completed his "System of Synthetic Philosophy," for which the nineteenth century will be remembered and honoured in all time coming.

In this stupendous work Spencer has included a study of the first principles of philosophy, of biology, of sociology, and of ethics.

His works have been translated into every civilised language of consequence, and his students are to be found wherever civilised man exists. Nobility, philosophic calm, Christian charity, unswerving devotion to truth, invincible courage in the statement of what he believed true and in attacking—yet ever with courtesy, whatever the provocation—what he believed to be error—these were the moral characteristics of his work. As to its intellectual qualities, let the results attest.

The Pathos of His Later Days.

There is some pathos about the latter years of this man. The house in which he died is in Percival-terrace, on the East Cliff, Brighton, overlooking the sea. The houses in which William Black and Edmund Yates died are within a stone's throw of Percival-terrace.

Until the autumn of last year Mr. Spencer was often to be seen in a bath-chair on the Marine Parade. This is the quietest part of Brighton. On the cliff he used to sit for hours in his bath-chair, gazing out across the waters of the Channel, his attendant remaining at some distance from him.

Strangers sometimes recognised the world-famed philosopher, and reverentially saluted him; were saddened, should he notice the courtesy, by an inclination of the grand old head and a charming smile. As he sat wrapped in thought he looked lonely and somewhat unhappy.

Messages of condolence have been received from all parts of Europe. Mr. Spencer left instructions that his body is to be cremated.

RUSSETS IN ROYAL FAVOUR.

In yesterday's *Daily Mirror* it was stated that several bushels of russet apples have been sent from the Frogmore orchard to Buckingham Palace to be used in the mincecram for the royal Christmas table.

A correspondent writes, pointing out that this apple has figured as Christmas dessert for the English royal table since the days of the Normans.

In "Henry IV." Davy says to the bibulous Bardolph:—

There's a dish of Leather-coats for you.

The variety has been praised by every pomologist of note since the introduction of printing.

COSTLY ENGRAVINGS SOLD.

Many fine engravings, of which the following are the principal, were disposed of by auction yesterday at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's Rooms, as follows:—

I.—The "Deserter," a set of four, printed in colours, by G. Keating, for £114, to Mr. Bourke.

II.—A portrait of the Countess Spencer and the Honourable Miss Bingham, by Bartolozzi, also in colours, for £126, to Mr. Bird.

III.—A portrait of Miss Sarah Campbell, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, by V. Green, in its first state, for £130 4s., to Mr. Colnaghi.

IV.—Another portrait, of Emma Lady Hamilton, after Romney, by J. Jones, in excellent condition, for £136 10s., to Mr. Sablin.



One of the last photographs of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who died yesterday in his eighty-fourth year.

[Photograph by Mill.]

said about us, public and private, and that in these days people will write and will know; therefore the only way to counteract this is to let the real truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion, and then no harm but good will be done."

Lord Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson have been already chosen by the King to edit Queen Victoria's correspondence down to the death of the Prince Consort, and it is to be hoped that his Majesty will make an equally excellent choice regarding the vast mass of later material.

M. B. L.

Ashley-gardens, S.W.

MAN OF THE WORLD'S VIEW.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

As to the Duke of Kent story, we must always remember that the tone of society in the days of the Regent was infinitely lower than it is now. We have no right to apply our own standard of respectability to the people of a less refined age.

Very probably the story in question owes something to Thomas Creevey's imagination, but even if his narrative is literally true I don't see that it reflects in any way on the Royal Family as a family. We are not responsible for the indiscretions of our grandfathers.

Guards' Club. LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

serene face, a long upper lip—which he shaved—a delicate mouth, blue eyes, and short side whiskers.

He was not an ordinary individual to look at, but still he was definitely human—not ethereal or superhuman. He was once a civil engineer, he had rowed a boat, had subedited a very uninteresting paper, and lived a very quiet and uneventful life.

Racquets, again, was a favourite pastime. The philosopher was no mean exponent of the game, but its attractions were not strong enough to keep his mind off his work. When playing it was his habit to break off every now and then in order to dictate to his secretary. Billiards was the only indoor game in which he took any interest.

Early Struggles with Poverty.

Mr. Spencer's struggle was from the first a hard one, and his life work was threatened not once but many times by merciless poverty and ill health. No publisher would risk a penny on his books, and he at last, in the desperation of despair, printed them at his own expense. Seven hundred and fifty of his first books were sold in fourteen years! At the end of fifteen years he was thankful that he had lost no more than £1,200. "All this time," Mr. Spencer once wrote, with something of pathos, "the forty millions of people constituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain-worker free gratis copies for the national libraries."

Though every university and learned

More than £200 will be distributed. The Last Week.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we issue the TWELFTH COUPON, which represents a deal at Double Dummy—all the hands being exposed. Solvers who have found it difficult to play as if they did not know cards which they can plainly see will now be freed from their embarrassment. Full advantage is to be taken of the known position of every card, after the opening lead.

Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, 28, Dec. 1, 3, 5, and 8 (which contain the eleven previous coupons), and send in all the twelve together, carefully observing the rules which follow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 11 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

£150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large.

THE CASH PRIZES.

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

FIFTY POUNDS

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, add the nom de guerre (or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

2. The Tournament is open to both men and women.

3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

4. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament." Reasons for, or explanations of the play may be given, but no other communication or inquiry may

be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of

a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their entries as early as possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps per diagram.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions from Great Britain will be received, but sufficient extra time will be allowed for residents in Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Europe.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

NO MULTIPLICATION OF DIFFICULTIES.

"Uncle" remarks that in our Bridge deals we have hitherto absolved competitors from deciding upon the difficult points of (1) the Declaration, and (2) the Original Lead. "Can we not have a hand or two in which we are left to decide these for ourselves?"

Our experience up to the present has been that it is desirable, in view of the large number of mere beginners who are competing, to make the task required of them as simple and as easy as possible. We are reluctant, for the present, to introduce any further difficulty or complication. But in later competitions we may take the suggestion into consideration.

THE REVOKE PENALTY.

"Myskore" says: "Will you kindly decide the following point, and oblige?—

Score: AB, 16; YZ, 24.

Z deals and declares No-trumps. A doubles. AB win the odd trick, but it is discovered that A has made a revoke."

The most advantageous way of taking the penalty is for YZ to take three of the seven tricks won by AB. Thus AB remain 16, while YZ score 96 points and game.

Score: Love all. Z deals and declares hearts. A leads \diamond K. The hands of Y and B are then exposed.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal at Double Dummy. The object is not to make YZ win tricks, to which they are not fairly entitled, through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
Address..... Initials.....

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

HEALTH AND SOAP.

DON'T BE SCEPTICAL because this is an advertisement. In these days when soaps are so much advertised we think it only due to ourselves to call attention to the high-class soaps which we have manufactured and sold in ever increasing quantities since 1712. They contain nothing injurious to the most delicate skin, and are guaranteed pure, neutral, and super-fatted. Our Cold Cream Toilet Soap cleanses the skin, and at the same time nourishes that delicate film of natural oil on the surface of the skin that is such an essential to the general health. Write us for a dainty sample of both Toilet and Shaving soap, which will be sent you free of charge, and test it for yourself. D. & W. GIBBS, (Ltd.), Soap Experts, City Soap Works, London, E.

WINTER IN EGYPT.

SARTORIAL ADVICE BY ONE WHO
HAS BEEN THERE.

THE first week of December sees many people on their way to Egypt, with Cairo, of course, as their guiding star. Several, however, linger in England until Christmas is over, and are now arranging their outfits.

"What to take," and "what does one wear in Cairo" are questions that are harassing many feminine brains.

Dress in Cairo means three very different kinds. There are the tourists who can at once be dismissed as the "coat and skirt brigade"; secondly the residents, who dress like ordinary well-to-do English women, who know the limit of their income, and clothe accordingly.

Thirdly, "The Smart Set" who go for three or four months armed at all points for a Cairo season, and of course carrying introductions to "Lord Cromer" and "The Sirdar."

The height of the London season can hardly compare with the rush and whirl of life in Cairo, and those going with the intention of being present at every function must be prepared for nightly balls, dances and dinners, polo matches, race meetings, and picnics by day and night to the Pyramids.

How to Carry Jewellery.

Jewellery, of course, ought to be left at home, but, with Eastern life all round them.

An Outfit for Cairo.

bag or dress-box. Should anyone have more than she can carry she must do as an American lady did, make her maid wear the surplus, even at the risk of the latter requiring a rise of wages to compensate her for the wear and tear of mind caused by the burden.

For day wear several very smart cloth or canvas coats and skirts in light colours will be useful, and the skirts of these should be made as short as the fashion permits, as Arabs are dirty creatures, and the sweeping of Cairo pavements is a pursuit to be avoided.

White serge or cloth costumes are most serviceable, as they look cool and fresh, and yet are as warm as darker coloured gowns, for let no one be beguiled into imagining there is no cold in Cairo.

There are many days when the thickest frock in your wardrobe, your warm travelling coat, or your "comfy" wrap will be more than welcome, while the habitué is always known by the fact that he or she never goes to a polo match or race meeting without a light warm coat or cape; and even macintoshes are often useful, for it can and does rain in Cairo!

As the season advances linen dresses, muslins, and thin silks are necessary, and, of course, dozens of smart washing blouses. These cannot be too fresh and dainty looking, nor can one have too many. "Voile de soie" is the newest and most delicious material in this cause.

In the afternoon, and for all race meetings and polo matches, gowns outdo in loveliness Ascot and season frocks, and it will take at least four or five of these to see one through the season.

For Evening Wear.

Décolleté gowns are worn for dinner at all the chief hotels, but those who are not going to participate in the gay whirl of the balls and dances, can and do wear and look very smart, moreover, in the Monte Carlo transparencies that have become a part of every well-dressed woman's wardrobe.

If intending to dance all through the season and go to all the nightly balls and dances given at Government House and at the different hotels, at least five or six ball dresses will be necessary. In choosing which, let it be borne in mind that in Egypt, as in India, many men wear uniform at these balls, and consequently flimsy fabrics are to be avoided as much as possible.

Small dinner parties are much in vogue, and for such entertainments one or two dainty but simple dinner gowns will be required.

A long, dark evening cloak is indispensable, for cabs in *N. Cairo* are often both dirty and wet.

Hats should be large and shady, and much trimmed with flowers

A

Paris Model

for Cairo

built of white

Liberty Satin,

with flounces

of rather deeply

tinted needle-run lace

and a belt of

vieux rose

mousseline velours.

Silver tassels

weight the

pointed berthe.

and foliage, the latter being a welcome relief to the eye from the arid dust outside.

Indispensable Riding Habit.

A riding habit of fawn or dust-coloured cloth, two or three white flannel or linen coats, and breeches of khaki drill must form part of the equipment; and the woman who, on arrival, has clung to the blue serge dress that has seen her through the voyage, will rejoice to find it is the very garment she wants for a midnight picnic to the Pyramids.

Brown boots and shoes are best, as the dust and sand ruin any in black or patent leather.

A fur cape, or one of those lovely long fur stoles now so much worn, is a most acceptable adjunct, for table d'hôte rooms are draughty, and Cairo evenings can be very chilly after the heat of the day.

Gauze veils are a great comfort, since one suffers much from the glare and dust, and motoring has taught Englishwomen at last

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN
DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are dispatched at the earliest possible moment.



A Distingue Visiting Chapeau of mole grey felt, bound and trimmed with old gold galon and natural colour ostrich feathers.

to understand how becoming a dainty spotted gauze, which half reveals and half conceals the face, can be. It gives all the charm of mystery our Eastern sisters have revelled in so long.

As golf at Helwan is one of Cairo's amusements, a "golfing jacket" or "woolly," preferably a white one, should complete the outfit.

No. 12.—A DAINTY PELISSE.

This pelisse is especially designed to meet the requirements of small maidens ranging from four to six years of age, who are graduating towards the day when simplicity cannot be too strictly enforced. Once through the first days of babyhood, when furbelows more or less are permissible, such a coat as this strikes absolutely the right note, no matter what material is privileged to tell the story. Many mothers will be tempted to exploit its charms in Liberty woollen satin, while others, again, may find more attractive virtues reposing in a superfine face cloth or, perchance, a velveteen, the narrow bordering of fur proving in every instance the decorative finish best suited to the season.

The cut of the coat is on sacque lines, but with a pronounced "godet" up the centre back, and the cape is modelled without a seam, the centre back laid to a fold. Pretty turned-back cavalier cuffs complete the full bishop sleeves, and the whole is lined throughout with China silk, laid, if extra warmth be desired, over a single layer of domette.

The pattern of the bonnet is in three pieces, a broad curved centre piece receiving small side portions; the shapely turned-back front being cut intact, and interlined with a firm muslin, supported at the outer edge by a fine millinery wire.

Quantity of double-width material, 2½ yards, inclusive of bonnet; fur, 3 yards.

Flat pattern, 61d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3d.



No. 12.—This pretty Pelisse for a small girl is made of woollen satin, and has a cape and cuffs hemmed with Astrakhan.

women get bitten more and more with the love for precious stones, and wear all they have brought, many regretful that they have left their best in the hands of their bankers, notwithstanding the fact that hardly anyone leaves Cairo possessed of all they brought with them. Arabs are born thieves, and the hotel waiters not much better; anything lost is gone for ever, at least from its rightful owner. The only way to keep jewellery safe is to wear it on one's own person in small chamois leather bags, and trust to no jewel-



Double Harness By Anthony Hope

EIGHTH
INSTALMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: A young man in love.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD: Grantley Imason's fiancée.

JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother; a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

CHAPTER V. (continued).

IN the end it was not the identity her soaring fancy had pictured, not the union her heart cried for, less even than the partnership which naked reason seemed to claim. She had not become his very self, as he was of her very self, nor part of him. She was to him—what?

She sought a word, at least an idea, and smiled at one or two which her own bitterness offered to her. A toy? Of course not. A diversion? Much more than that. But still it was something accidental, something that he might not have had, and would have done very well without, yet a something greatly valued, tended, caressed—yes, and even loved. A great acquisition perhaps expressed it—a very prized possession—a cherished treasure. Sometimes, after putting it as low as she could in chagrin, she put it as high as she could—by way of testing it. Put it how she would, the ultimate result worked out the same. She made much less difference to Grantley Imason than she had looked to make; she was much less of and in his life, much less of the essence, more of an accretion.

She was outside his innermost self—a stranger to his closest fastnesses. Was that the nature of the tie or the nature of the man? She cried out against either conclusion; for either ruined the hopes on which she lived. Among them was one mighty hope. Were not both tie and man still incomplete, even as she, the woman, was in truth yet incomplete, yet short of her great function, undischarged of her high natural office? Was

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there not that in her now which should make all things complete and perfect? While that hope—nay, that conviction—remained she refused to admit that she was discontented. She waited, trying meanwhile to smother the discontent.

Of course, there was another side, and Grantley himself put it to Mrs. Raymore when, in her sisterly affection for him and her motherly interest in Sibylla, she had ventured on two or three questions which, on the smallest analysis, resolved themselves into hints.

"In anything like a doubtful case," he complained humorously (for he was not taking the questions very seriously), "the man never gets fair play. He's not nearly so picturesque. And if he becomes picturesque, if he goes through fits hot and cold, and ups and downs, and all sorts of convulsions, as the woman does; and does so effectively, he doesn't get any more sympathy, because it's not the ideal for the man—not our national ideal, anyhow. You see the dilemma he's in? If he's not emotional he's not interesting; if he's emotional he's not manly. I'm speaking of a doubtful case all the time. Of course, you may have your impeccable Still-Waters-Run-Deep sort of man—the part poor old Tom ought to have played. But then, that is a part—a stage part, very seldom real. No; in a doubtful case the man's nowhere. Take it how you will, the woman is bound to win."

"Which means that you don't want to complain or criticise, but if I will put impertinent questions—"

"If you put me on my defence—" he amended, laughing.

"Yes, if I put you on your defence, you'll hint—"

"Through generalities—"

"Yes, through generalities you'll hint, in your graceful way, that Sibylla, of whom you're very fond—"

"Oh, be fair! You know I am."

"Is rather—exacting—fatiguing?"

"That's too strong. Rather, as I say, emotional. She likes living on the heights. I like going up there now and then. In fact, I maintain the national ideal."

"Yes, I think you'd do that very well—quite well enough, Grantley."

"There's a sting in the tail of your praise."

"After all, I'm a woman, too."

"We really needn't fuss ourselves, I think. You see, she has the great saving grace—a sense of humour. If I perceive dimly that somehow something hasn't been quite what it ought to have been, that I haven't—haven't played up somehow—you know what I mean?"

"Very well indeed," Mrs. Raymore laughed gently.

"I can put it all right by a good laugh—a bit of mock heroics, perhaps—some good chaff, followed by a good gallop—not at all a bad prescription! After a little of that, she's laughing at herself for having the emotions, and at me for not having them, and at both of us for the whole affair."

"Well, as long as it ends like that there's not much wrong. But take care. Not everything will stand the humorous aspect, you know."

"Most things, thank Heaven, or where should we be?"

"Tom Courtland, for instance?"

"Oh, not any longer, I'm afraid."

"It won't do for the big things and the desperate cases; not even for other people's—much less for your own."

"I suppose not. If you want it always, you must be a looker-on; and you'll tell me husbands can't be lookers-on at their own marriages?"

"I tell you! Facts will convince you sooner than I could, Grantley."

He was really very reasonable from his own point of view, both reasonable and patient Mrs. Raymore conceded that. And he was also quite consistent in his point of view. She remembered a phrase from his letter which had defined what he was seeking—"a completion, not a transformation." He was pursuing that scheme still—a scheme into which the future wife had fitted so easily and perfectly, into which the actual wife fitted with more difficulty. But he was dealing with the difficulty in a very good spirit and a very good temper. If the scheme were possible at all—given Sibylla as he was—he was quite the man to put it through successfully. But she reserved her opinion as to its possibility. The reservation did not imply an approval of Sibylla or any particular inclination to champion her; it marked only a growing understanding of what Sibylla was, a growing doubt as to what she could be persuaded or moulded into becoming. Mrs. Raymore had no prejudices in her favour.

To be continued.

A Unique Christmas Gift.

THE HUNDRED BEST PICTURES.

THE enormous success which attended the first issue of THE HUNDRED BEST PICTURES in 1901, when upwards of 100,000 volumes were sold in this country alone, has induced the Publishers to reserve from an edition now being printed for America a limited number of volumes for sale at home.

THIS ISSUE IS LIMITED TO 5,000 VOLUMES.

In an advertisement of limited space it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the beauty and wonderful value of this work; the Publishers request therefore to be allowed to forward a prospectus, which will be sent post free on application, or if two stamps are enclosed for postage and packing, a specimen plate will be sent free. Remember each of the pictures is in GENUINE PHOTO-GRVURE, and well worth framing.

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CHARLES LETTS & CO.
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WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In reference to your article on Sir William Richmond's letter to the "Times," in which he strongly advocates the adoption of compulsory service for its valuable teaching in national duty, discipline, orderliness, and self-respect, you will allow me to say that Sir William Richmond has written to the "Times" again to dissociate himself from the Army League, which has opposed any form of compulsory service, and to state that he wrote, under a misapprehension, as a member of the National Service League.

This association is the one which represents the growing feeling among all classes of Englishmen that in the adoption of compulsory naval or military training lies the true solution of the many difficulties which face us, and the road to a higher sense of national duty than naturally exists in any democracy where the citizens have no strong reminder of their duties.

GEORGE F. SHEE, Secretary,
The National Service League,
Dacre House, Victoria-street, S.W., Dec. 8.

WOMEN AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I was interested in reading the suggestion from a correspondent that a woman's branch of the Tariff Reform League should be formed, and your interesting and practical Editorial comment upon this suggestion.

Your readers will probably be interested to learn that the formation of a ladies' branch of the Tariff Reform League is progressing actively. Sir Gilbert Parker, a member of our executive, has general charge of the arrangements, and Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt has been appointed to the post of secretary.

Miss Brooke-Hunt, whose address is 45, Albert Gate, S.W., will be glad to hear from any of your readers who are sufficiently interested in the cause of Tariff Reform to wish to join the ladies' branch.

She will shortly be in a position to publish the names of the Executive Committee which is being formed, and of the leading supporters.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Chairman,
Tariff Reform League, Central Offices, 7, Victoria-street, S.W.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I have just read the letter in to-day's issue of your paper signed "A Bachelor." Where, oh! where can the man have lived to "only know two kinds of women?" I know many girls, all delightful, and quite different one from the other.

They are interested in every variety of subject, music, art, literature, nursing, cooking, and so on, and though they are all "rather pretty and well-mannered" they are not silly or vain, neither do they wear waistcoats nor talk slang.

What is the matter with "A Bachelor"? Has some "rather pretty and well-mannered" girl badly beaten him at golf, or some mannish woman exploded his pet scientific theory; or is it only the empty-headed girl who can tolerate his evidently uninteresting society? There is something wrong with him somewhere.

CAROLA.

Dec. 7.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

May I remind your correspondent "A Bachelor" that the men of to-day are far from perfect, and, surely, being lords of creation, need his kind attention more than the weaker sex.

What could be more odious than the eye-glassed "Don't you know" dandy, who simply lives to fascinate the despised girl of to-day; or the artistic, long-haired, feminine type who thinks every woman in love with him; and last, but not less odious, the bachelor wrapped up in himself, Bridge, and "Little Mary"? A GIRL OF TO-DAY.

THREE'S COMPANY.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

As a maiden lady, taught in my younger days to observe a very different deportment from that which is, I understand, regarded as *comme il faut* among growing girls to-day, I cannot thank you too much for your most proper observations upon chaperonage.

I may add that I regard the way in which young ladies allow themselves to be seen even after dusk in public places without an escort, as not only indecorous, but dangerous, and especially in these days when we weak women

stand in greater need than ever of protection from the male.

I read in your elegant journal that a young authoress, left alone in a farmhouse, was attacked only the other day. Surely this is enough to show that our sex is still in no way able to guard itself single-handed against masculine brutality, nor does it seem to me that it was ever intended this should be so. Indeed, I consider that true modesty is seldom consistent with what is nowadays called independence.

Kensington. NANCY PRYNNE.

FOREIGN PIANOS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Mr. Bechstein's manager says: "It is a national impossibility for an Englishman to produce a piano with each note perfectly balanced in tone. He has no true ear. His piano sounds all right to him," etc. I do not know what is meant by each note being perfectly balanced in tone, unless it be that all the notes are balanced one with another, but it is surely a sweeping statement to say that the Englishman has not the necessary ear to do it.

If the Englishman, with his dull ear, thinks the English piano "sounds all right," why should he buy a German piano, unless he can get it cheaper?

And "the decline of the English piano" is mentioned, implying, I suppose, that it was at one time of a high order of merit, yet "it is a national impossibility for an Englishman to produce a piano."

As far as my observations have gone, the English piano has always been preferred to the German, as being genuine and less "showy," but there has been such an influx of foreign pianos, offered at considerably lower prices than for the English makes, that buyers could only be expected to take advantage of the saving in money.

West Kensington. F. W. ROWLEY.

THE MEANING OF EARRINGS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Surely "Nemo's" tirade against earrings defeats its end. Let it be that earrings were once a sign of servitude. Must their present use imply necessarily the same condition?

Has "Nemo" cut off the two buttons at the back of his own frock-coat because of their former use in keeping the sword belt in place in the days of duelling?

Besides, in classical Greece, at any rate, earrings were a sign not of slavery, but of nobility; and we can hardly imagine that Isaac's present of a massive earring to Rebecca was a hint to her of a future menial position!

INAURIS.



Physical Education in the Schools.

A MOST INSTRUCTIVE DEMONSTRATION AT THE CHELSEA POLYTECHNIC.

By EVELYN SHARP.

A GREAT deal has been heard lately about the decay of the national physique; and much talking has been done as to the best way of improving it. But all the time a fine little band of some forty women workers, drawn from the ranks of the elementary school teachers in the Maida Vale district, have been really doing something towards the improvement of the race by training themselves as gymnastic teachers, in order to be able intelligently to develop the physique of the little girls under their charge. Many of them are not young, some of them are head-mistresses; yet they have cheerfully given their time and money for the purpose, and they deserve every bit of the applause they won from an enthusiastic audience at a morning demonstration they gave the other day at the S.W. Polytechnic, Chelsea.

Various Systems Exhibited.

The occasion was a display of the various systems of physical education, either being used at present in schools or being suggested for the purpose; and the exercises shown by the elementary teachers, under the leadership of Miss Cartwright, who had trained them, were chosen from the Model Course originally drawn up by Colonel Fox, of Aldershot, for the use of elementary schools generally, though not yet passed by the Board of Education.

Another system illustrated was the Swedish, which is being largely taught to the girls in the schools now. It was shown to perfection by the pupils of Miss Roberts, the Swedish instructor to the Women's Gymnastic Training College, which has its headquarters in the Polytechnic. Fräulein Wilke, principal of the college, already well known as a pioneer of physical culture among women, demonstrated the German system by giving one of her ordinary lessons to her students, from which it could be gathered that the German drill has at least this advantage over the Swedish—that it is done to a musical accompaniment. Anything that brings cheerfulness as well as more solid advantages into the lives of the children is to be commended, though it cannot be said that the charming dance steps, as shown in the Swedish drill, were anything but cheerful in tendency.

The Deficiencies of Physical Drill.

Music was the chief qualification of the rather antiquated "musical drill," illustrated prettily enough by Mr. Varden's boy pupils from St. Augustine's Schools, Kilburn. This system fell short, it seemed to me, of the more modern ones shown in not insisting so particularly on the exercises being beneficial. In swinging their clubs, for instance, the boys never stretched the arm, thus making it a wrist exercise only; while, in turning the body to the left, they raised the right heel from

the ground, showing a pretty position, but entirely destroying the value of the exercise by not stretching the body.

Their time, however, was excellent; and so was that of the squad of Chelsea boys, drilled on the English military system by Sergeant Jones, instructor at the Polytechnic. The exercises he gave them were undoubtedly beneficial, and, except from the woman's point of view, the system he illustrated compared well enough with the others shown, partly, perhaps, because he showed himself a particularly good exponent of it.

But it is the woman's point of view that concerns us here, and the fact the demonstration proved was the creed Fräulein Wilke has spent her life in insisting upon, namely, that girls of every class should be taught gymnastics by women and not by men, and that those women should be trained teachers. That is why so much praise is due to her from all women interested in the development of their sex, and also to the plucky little band of elementary teachers whom this notice began by mentioning.

THE MOST POPULAR ANNUAL.

"Pears' Annual" is, as usual, a stupendous affair. No fewer than 500,000 copies have been printed and sold, the weight of which amounts to 326 tons. The distribution of this mass of printed matter and cheery pictures has made 700 horses busy drawing 350 vans. If packed one above the other "Pears' Annual" would rise to the height of 7,104 feet, and were the pages stretched out on the ground 534 acres would be covered by them, as large as the area of Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, and St. James's Park put together.

What English-speaking people all over the world will be interested to hear is that the whole of the publication from beginning to end has been accomplished in the British Isles. The contents bill of this gigantic sixpennyworth includes a story translated from the French by E. A. Vizetelly, entitled, "The Amazing Adventures of Monsieur Dumollet on his Matrimonial Tour." The three coloured plates are Dendy Sadler's charming old-world interior, "A Healthy Appetite," "Playmates," and "A Hearty Welcome," which illustrates Shenstone's well-known lines:—

Who'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an Inn.

IRISH POTATO RINGS.

"Patricia" writes from Manchester:—In an article on "Dinner Table Decorations," which I read with great interest, it was stated of Irish potato rings that "in old days they were placed on the table and the hot potatoes shot into them." I do not like to speak positively, but I think this is an error. I was under the impression that the potatoes were served in wooden bowls, which were placed in the rings.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

No. 116.—NECK OF MUTTON EN CASSEROLE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of the best-end neck of mutton (small meat), one and a half ounces of butter, eight small silver onions, one pint of brown sauce, twelve thin slices of raw, lean ham, two large Brussels sprouts, twelve stoned olives, salt, and pepper.

Cut the meat into neat chops. Remove nearly all the fat from them. Melt the butter in the casserole and fry the chops and the peeled onions a light brown. Cut the slices of ham about two inches square. Wash and trim the sprouts and roll each up in a square of ham. Pour off the butter in the casserole, leaving the gravy behind. Put layers of meat, ham rolls, olives, and onions in the casserole. Pour in the well-seasoned brown sauce. Cover the casserole and cook the contents slowly in the oven for three quarters of an hour. Skim off all fat.

Cost 3s. 4d. for ten portions.

No. 117.—WELLINGTON SANDWICHES.

INGREDIENTS:—Thin slices of brown bread and butter, half a pound of any cold game, two ounces of lean, cooked ham, one ounce of butter, two teaspoonfuls each of mango chutney, French mustard, chopped parsley, and tomato pulp, a little mustard and cress, salt, and pepper.

Chop the game and ham, pound it in a mortar with the butter, chutney, tomato pulp, mustard and parsley, then rub all through a hair or fine wire sieve. Season it carefully. Wash and slightly chop the cress, spread a layer of the game mixture on half of the slices of bread and butter; cover these with the remaining slices, cut them into pretty shapes. Arrange them neatly on a folded table napkin and garnish with fresh parsley.

Cost 2s. 6d. for two dozen sandwiches.

No. 118.—GINGER SOUFFLE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two ounces of butter, three ounces of flour, half a pint of milk, three eggs and one extra white, three ounces of castor sugar, three ounces of preserved ginger.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, then add the flour which should be first dried and sieved. Mix it into the butter, then add the milk. Stir this over the fire till the mixture leaves the sides of the pan clean, then add to it one teaspoonful of the syrup of the preserved ginger. Cook the mixture well over the fire, then add, one by one, the yolks of the three eggs, the castor sugar, and the ginger cut into small dice. Whip the whites of eggs to a very stiff froth, then stir it lightly into the mixture. Have ready a soufflé mould, it should first be well buttered, then have a band of buttered paper fastened neatly round it and coming about four inches above the tin. Pour the mixture into the tin, cook it lightly with a piece of buttered paper, and steam it gently for one and a half hours. For the first ten or twelve minutes be careful not to uncover the saucepan. Turn the soufflé out carefully and pour ginger syrup round.

Cost 1s. 4d. for six portions.

No. 119.—DEVONSHIRE TOAST.

INGREDIENTS:—Well-buttered toast, bloater paste, clotted cream, pickled chillies, one cold, cooked blazer.

Cut some well-made buttered toast into broad fingers and spread them thickly with bloater paste; heap some clotted cream thickly over the paste. Have ready a cold, cooked blazer, cut in neat strips. Arrange these strips in a lattice pattern on the top alternately with strips of pickled red or green chillies.

Cost 8d. for twelve portions.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Tuesday evening.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Kedgeree. Curry Croquettes.
Surprise Sausages.
Porridge and Cream. Cold Ham.

LUNCH.

Scotch Broth. Broiled Flounders.
"Neck of Mutton en Casserole."
Egg Patties. Savoury Pancakes.
Orange Fritters. Cranberry Tart.
Macaroni Cheese.

COLD DISHES.

Welsh Mutton. Beetroot and Celery Salad.
Game Patties. Glazed Tongue.

TEA.

Crumpets. "Wellington Sandwiches."
Russian Cake.
Cherry Buns. Iced Genoese Cakes.

DINNER.

Beetroot. Clear Soup à la Jardinière.
Fish.
Cod Steaks au Gratin. Lobster Cake.

ENTRÉES.

Stewed Pigeons.
Mutton Cutlets à l'Indienne.
Roasts.
Fillet of Beef Larded. Stuffed Goose.

GAME.

Roast Hare. Chaudroid of Quails.
Vegetables.
Braised Cucumber. Potato Croquettes.

DESSERTS.

"Ginger Soufflé." Velvet Cream.
Savouries.
"Devonshire Toast." Devilled Shrimps.

ICE.

Apricot Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

E

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HABIT MAKERS, and
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COSTUME (as Sketch), Coat Lined Silk,
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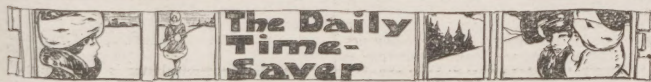
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Means Health.



The Daily Time-Saver

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

| | | | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------|-------|---------------|
| Beef. | Pork. | Meat. | Veal. | Welsh Mutton. |
| | | Fish. | | |
| Red Mullet. | Soles. | Lemon Soles. | | |
| Plaice. | Whiting. | Whitebait. | | |
| Turbot. | Halibut. | Gurnet. | | |
| Lobsters. | Crabs. | Oysters. | | |
| | Poultry and Game. | | | |
| Turkeys. | Geese. | Bordeaux Pigeons. | | |
| Surrey Fowls and Chickens. | | | | |
| Hares. | Leverets. | Widgeon. | | |
| Quails. | Wild Duck. | Teal. | | |
| | Snipe. | Golden Plover. | | |
| | Vegetables. | | | |
| Carrots. | Turnips. | Leeks. | | |
| Parsnips. | Beetroot. | Tomatoes. | | |
| Cabbages. | Cauliflowers. | Sprouts. | | |
| | Salads of various kinds. | | | |

FRUIT IN SEASON.

| | | |
|-------------|----------------|------------|
| Apples. | Pears. | Oranges. |
| Pineapples. | Bananas. | Grapes. |
| Figs. | Walnuts. | Chestnuts. |
| | Marrons Glacé. | Melons. |

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Cut Blossoms for the Table.
Chrysanthemums and Smilax.
Orchids, pale mauve and yellow.
Lilies of the Valley. Asparagus Fern.
Roses. Narcissus.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Poinsettias. Honesty.
Ferns of various kinds. Winter Cherry.
Chrysanthemums. Pandanus.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 33.—MOUSSE D'ANANAS EN SURPRISE.

By Mr. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions' Restaurant.

Peel one pineapple thinly, take out the eyes, cut into slices, and chop it finely. Then cook it in 8oz. of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of water, and let it stew for half an hour. Strain the syrup, put in the juice of a lemon, and whisk four yolks of eggs in it. Stir on the fire until the yolks begin to bind and form a stiff cream. Place the basin in a cool place, stirring the contents while cooling.

Have ready a plain bombe mould, add half a pint of cream, well whipped, and the chopped pineapple to the cold mixture, and fill the mould. Cover the mould tightly, and wrap it up. Bury it in a pail of broken ice, with salt, and let it freeze for two hours. Turn it out on a socle of biscuit glacé, which should be hollowed out a little, and mask the whole with a meringue mixture (stiffly whisked white of egg and sugar); decorate it all over with stars, using a forcing bag with a rose tube for this purpose, and dredge with castor sugar. Bake in a very fierce oven for four or five minutes, put some strips of blanched and peeled almonds and pistachios in the stars to represent the eyes of the pineapple, and serve at once.

"DAILY MIRROR" SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

12 WORDS is., 1d. PER WORD AFTERWARDS.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" DOMESTIC BUREAU.

HOW TO OBTAIN OUR DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Owing to the large number of inquiries for servants, the *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau (45 and 46, New Bond-street, London, W.) will (so far as employers are concerned), only be available in future to prove regular purchasers of this paper, whose names will be registered on the books of the Bureau. A reader who wishes to obtain a servant through the Bureau should fill in and sign the following form and post it, when her or his name will be placed on the permanent register so long as she or he is a regular purchaser.

The form must be received at the Bureau three days before a reader can avail her- (or him-) self of the Bureau.

A fee of five shillings will be charged whenever an employer is suited with a servant—payable only when a servant has been in a situation over a month without receiving or giving notice.

No guarantee is given that a servant will accept a place offered to her (or him), and the management reserve the right to refuse to register the name of any employer.

To the Managers,

"Daily Mirror" Domestic Bureau,
45 & 46, New Bond St., London, W.

I purchase the "Daily Mirror" daily from
(Here the full name and address of the agent who supplies
the paper should be inserted.)

(Name, Title, and full postal address of reader, as they
should appear on an envelope for post should be CLEARLY
written below.)

I require a

(Here state what servant is required.)

and, in the event of being "suited," I agree to pay 5s.
to the Bureau.

Signature of Reader

The advantages of the Bureau to Employers and Servants.

- (1.) The Bureau takes up and verifies servants' references. (While every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given.) The Employer is thus relieved of the worry and trouble of investigating references.
- (2.) No servant whose references are not thoroughly satisfactory will be entered on the Bureau's register.
- (3.) NO FEE OF ANY SORT IS REQUIRED OF SERVANTS.
- (4.) Readers may make appointments to interview servants at the Bureau.

Servants should note that:—

- (1.) No fee or charge of any kind whatever has to be paid by a servant.

- (2.) A servant, whose references are satisfactory, will receive, when her name is placed on the Bureau's register, a handsome little gift.

- (3.) The fact that a servant is on the Bureau's register is of itself evidence that her (or his) references are satisfactory, as no servant with unsatisfactory references is admitted thereto or allowed to remain upon it.

The Domestic Bureau is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; on Tuesdays from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; and on Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 P.M.

Advertisements are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarvon Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY & CO.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

BUTLER; age 48; 5ft. 10in.; disengaged; good references—Write M. 26, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER, with footman; age 29; disengaged; tall, nice appearance; good references—W. G. 97, Upper Berkeley-street, 3616

COACHMAN, long references; experienced; age 40—Write M. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ROOM-COACHMAN; age 28; any capacity; experienced—G. P. 16, Blomfield-street, Bury St. Edmunds, 3654

YOUNG Man, 19, seeks situation in house and garden; good references—T. Barnes, 84, Herber-road, Manor Park, Essex.

Chef.

CHEF or Second Chef; experienced in restaurant work; good references—Write M. 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Cooks.

COOK (retiring); 13s. 6d. weekly or otherwise; 420; disengaged; understands dairy; age 29—A. 35, Crombeys-street, Swindon, 3645

COOK; aged 44; wages £28; town—Write K. 609, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

COOK; 39; job or permanent; guinea weekly, £45 yearly—H. 22, Stayton-street, Chelsea, 3614

COOK-GENERAL; age 40; good reference; weekly; job or business house—Write M. 35, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER; age 50; over three years' character; £40-45—Write K. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

THE Countess of Warwick highly recommends housekeeper; been in her service some years; excellent character—Mrs. Mackay, 38, Avondale-road, Denmark-park, Peckham, 3592

Companions.

COMPANION; age 22; £20; good needlewoman; town or country—Write L. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION; age 20; small salary—Write L. 511, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION (useful); domesticated, refined, trustworthy; £20—Write A. 12, Carlton-terrace, Whitstable, 3650

COMPANION—Young lady, bright, domesticated, desires engagement; moderate salary; servants kept; no children—Allingham, 3625

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Lady's Maids.

MAID; age 35; experienced hairdresser, dressmaker, traveler—Write L. 509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID; courtes German; also speaks English, French; highly recommended—Write L. 508, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID—Lady wishes situation; fond of children; disengaged December 7—Miss G. Harwood, 117, North Side, Clapham Common.

MAID (travelling); age 20; one lady; good dresser, packer, traveler, sailor—H. B. 11, Little Grosvenor-street, W. 3652

MAID (German) wants place; £30; good dresser, packer; most obliging and useful—Write L. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID; £28; thorough dresser—Write L. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3629

HELP (lady); thoroughly domesticated; highly recommended—Rose Southes, 201, High-street, Plumstead.

Stillroom Maid.

STILLROOM-MAID; hotel experience; very good references; 10s. to 15s.—Write M. 30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Governesses.

GOVERNESS (daily); now in London; teaches French, English, Italian—Write M. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (French); age 20; £25; usual subjects—Write L. 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS; age 30; experienced linguist; three years' reference present situation; pleasant, bright—Write L. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS; speaks German, English, French; (own or country); thoroughly experienced—Write L. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (experienced); daily (London) or resident; small salary and free time; French, German, music, etc.—G. 1, Lyhurst, Church-street, Eastbourne, 3651

Nurses.

NURSE (Brighton); age 18; first-rate references—Write L. 505, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE (maternity); experienced L.O.S. and Queen Charlotte's; disengaged until March 15th; highly recommended by patients—Write P. 455, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

NURSE; certificated; moderate terms; good references—Write L. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE-ATTENDANT; long reference; £30. —Write L. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE-ATTENDANT; now in town; temporary or permanent; £20—Write L. 510, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE; age 23; £22; now in Lancashire; nearly two years' reference—Write L. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE (under); age 20; three years' reference; good needlewoman; understands ironing—Write L. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE-HOUSEMAID; age 15; fond of children—Scott, 62, Gladstone-road, Walthamstow, 3659

Chambermaids.

CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; age 20; good references; £18-£19—Write M. 5, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHAMBERMAID disengaged; age 28; good references; £18—Write M. 11, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; now in London; disengaged; £18-£19—Write M. 31, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

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(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXIX.

Continued.

"HAVE you any children, Mrs. Chesney?" Martia shook her head. "I don't think I want any." There was a curious, moody note in her voice. "I have not a very high opinion of motherhood."

Mrs. Lorison looked at her with a gently amused and tolerant smile—the same smile with which she had seen her light four cigarettes one after the other during their conversation, and smoke them right to the very end. She thought at first that she was in the presence of one of those advanced women who disdain all responsibilities, shirk all duties, and live their lives only to get as much personal gratification out of them as they possibly can. But the next moment she was sure she detected something else, some personal bitterness, under the surprising words.

"That is a strange thing for a happy woman to say," she remarked. "People all tell me you are the happiest woman they have ever met."

Martia smiled and sighed at the same time. "It is not that," she said softly. "I—oh, you will not understand, and yet, I don't know, something makes me confide in you, and tell you the secret thoughts of my heart—things I say to no one on earth—not even to Philip. There is always a fear in my mind that if I had children, something would happen to pervert me, to change me completely, and that I might end by behaving to them as my own mother behaved to me." Her cheeks were flushed; the other woman gave a little shiver.

"Oh!" she said, in a very low voice. "Was your mother unkind to you?"

"More than that!" cried the girl. "She was fiendishly cruel!"

"Cruel? What do you mean? Was she a woman of pleasure? Did she neglect you, leave you to strangers? Did she—die?"

"I don't know what she did," said Martia, and her voice was like ice. "I don't know what became of her, whether she lived or died. But she gave me life, and then threw me out on to the mercy of the world! And you know what the world is, Mrs. Lorison."

"But I don't understand!"

"I suppose I was unwanted," said the girl, with a fearful bitterness in her voice. "There is no greater curse than that—to be unwanted, undesired. I don't know what my mother did, what became of her. But she abandoned me when I was an infant, two years old. She gave me into the charge of a Breton peasant woman, who, in her turn, sold me to a Scotch woman—a hard, cold, bigoted creature, who taught me all that I ever knew of motherhood. It is a curse, I tell you, to be an undesired child; no matter what happens afterwards, it embitters life."

Helen Lorison's voice struck harshly on the girl's ears. Her face was turned out to sea.

"You do not know who your mother was?"

"I do not know whether she is alive or dead."

"And how long ago was this?"

"Nearly two-and-twenty years."

"Good Heavens!"

"How sympathetic you are!" said Martia.

"I believe you are really suffering—because of me."

"A Breton peasant—nearly two-and-twenty years ago!"

"Mrs. Lorison!"

The elder woman's face was still turned out to sea.

"You are right, child," she said. "I am sympathetic; it is cruel. It hurts me."

"You are the only one who has ever understood."

Just then a shrill, sweet voice called out across the grassy slopes.

Helen Lorison turned her head.

"Lady Leicester is calling you," she said.

"Go—no, I won't come; I will stay here a little while. Really, the charity does not interest me at all."

Martia caught her hand and squeezed it almost roughly.

"Really, you are sympathetic," she said.

"Thank you. Thank you ever so much."

She walked across the grass towards the house.

When she was alone, Helen Lorison buried her head in her hands.

"My God!" The cry was torn from her bleeding heart. The wound was so long forgotten that it seemed as if to-day it had been dealt anew. "My God—I have indeed looked back!"

The whole truth lay bare; the invincible attraction to the girl; the likeness to someone

she had once known. It was she who had abandoned her child to the Breton peasant woman nearly two-and-twenty years ago.

CHAPTER XXX.

HELEN Lorison sat perfectly still, with bowed head. She was stunned, dazed, but vividly alive to pain. The discovery was stupendous. She could not think; her brain was paralysed. All her life she had resolutely kept aloof from emotion; in the revolt from an intolerable tyranny in early youth, she had determined that she would never feel. She had cultivated her reason, and starved her soul. And now the agony of a lifetime was concentrated in a moment, fierce and burning, like fangs tearing at her living heart.

Not many minutes passed before a swish of skirts announced that someone was approaching. She looked up. It was Martia returning across the grass. Reason came back to her suddenly, and the power of calm deliberation.

It was stupendous; but it was not yet a discovery. This, her daughter? It seemed incredible. Because she had been abandoned to a Breton peasant woman, it did not follow. Several children might have shared that melancholy fate. The date might be but another coincidence. She had had definite information that her child was dead. But the likeness? The likeness that she had noticed from the first, but never dreamed of connecting with the long dead past. The girl who was moving across the grass with such unusual grace had more than a look of the man who had breathed his poisonous philosophy into her youthful and eager ears and then passed on into the infinite that he denied, leaving her with a light on her soul. This girl had the strangely beautiful brow, the grey eyes of that man, and his nameless distinction. The mother, rising up suddenly in the woman with the dead heart, fervently hoped that she had nothing more.

But she fought against certainty, because all her life she had derided instinct; and she knew that imagination P will play the strangest tricks.

"You are to share the *bric-à-brac* stall with Lady Tyneside, Mrs. Lorison," said Martia. "And Lady Leicester wants to know if you would like to motor back to Monte Carlo."

"Yes; that is, I don't mind. Are they all going?"

"Some of them have gone, and others are dropping in. Colonel Joscelyn is there with his motor. He has come from Nice, and can take three people back with him."

"I think I will go back by train," said Helen Lorison.

"I will come with you, if I may."

They went into the house to take leave of their hostess. Paul Joscelyn saw them together, and in his heart he was furious, but he greeted them as if he considered their acquaintanceship the most natural and desirable thing in the world.

"We shall miss the train," said Martia, noticing with surprise that her companion moved lingeringly along the white, dusty road.

"There are plenty of others," was the abrupt answer. "I want you to tell me more about your mother. You interest me deeply."

The hard, moody look came again into Martia's face.

"I know nothing. I never speak of her, or think of her. I don't know what made me tell you. I don't know her name, or her race."

"But did she leave nothing that could identify you, or her?"

"Nothing. I heard afterwards from Mrs. Fraser, who adopted me, what the Breton peasant woman told her when she sold me to her—that I was born in wedlock, that my mother would never claim me, and that she was beautiful."

"How impressively bitter is your voice!" murmured the older woman.

"Have I not cause for bitterness?" cried the girl. "Think of growing up in the knowledge that you had been first cast off by your mother and then sold like a chattel to a cold, hard, bigoted woman, who, when she was in a temper, did not hesitate to fling my miserable history in your face! Think of the humiliation of realising that, though at times she hated you and treated you cruelly, still she had done more for you than the woman who bore you and then threw you away, like a bundle of rags! I told you before, it is the cruellest fate in the world to be an undesired child."

There was a silence. Mrs. Lorison's steps had grown slower and slower, until she stopped altogether in the middle of the road, and took the girl's hand in hers.

"Do you know the name of the Breton woman?" she asked. In her voice eagerness struggled with horror, but Martia, who was flushed and excited by these bitter thoughts that she had never spoken before, only heard sympathy.

"I heard it often enough," she answered. "Mrs. Fraser used to tell me that, if she died, and I wanted to know more of my mother, I was to go to this woman, who perhaps would tell me what she had withheld from her—but I never wanted to know. Her name was Louise Kertelen."

Mrs. Lorison gently dropped the girl's hand, and walked on. She was too well-cased in self-control to betray herself, even in this supreme moment of her life, when she found herself without doubt face to face with her own child, whom she had believed long dead.

To be Continued To-morrow.

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